

Holmes sculp 15 G.t Maddox St. Hanover Sq

MONTAGUE,

on hearing the voice of his Mother, observed its direction & hastily stepping aside, received the sharp point of the Weapon in the palm of his left hand *page 52.*

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MONTAGUE NEWBURGH;

OR,

The Mother and Son.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY ALICIA CATHERINE MANT,

AUTHOR OF

Ellen; or the Young Godmother, and Caroline Lismore; or the Errors of Fashion.

"If there be any one man to whom Religion is
"more necessary at all times than it is to another, a
"soldier is that man.

BP. HORNE.

VOLUME I.

PRINTED FOR LAW AND WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE,
LONDON.

1817.

TO WHOM CAN A WORK,

PROFESSEDLY WRITTEN

TO PORTRAY

THE LOVELINESS OF THE MATERNAL CHARACTER

BE WITH MORE PROPRIETY

DEDICATED,

THAN TO

An affectionate and conscientious Mother?

TO MY MOTHER, THEN,

TO HER,

WHO

IN INFANCY NURSED ME,

WHO

IN CHILDHOOD INSTRUCTED, AND

WHO

IN YOUTH ADVISED,

THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE IS DEDICATED,

WITH THE SINCEREST SENTIMENTS OF

GRATEFUL AFFECTION, AND FILIAL DUTY.

A. C. M.



PREFACE.

IT was a double train of reflection which suggested the idea of the following narrative to the Author; that of evincing the propriety of a submission to the will of Providence under the severest trials we are called on to sustain, and that of impressing on the mind the necessity of making religion the ground work on which the study of every profession should be erected. Hence arose the two principal characters in "the Mother and Son;" and the one appearing so naturally to spring from the other, it has been endeavoured so to represent them, under an idea, that the influence of women over the virtues and vices of their children is so great, that the growth of the former, and the suppression of the latter depend, in a great measure, on maternal precept and example.

The subordinate characters which have been introduced to increase the interest of the story have been formed with a view to the original design of the work; and the incidents occasionally interwoven with the recital by way of variety and amusement, will not, it is hoped, be unproductive of the same effects.

In regard to the execution of a work, which has been an employment of peculiar interest and attention, the author has only to observe that while she feels a satisfaction from the sincerity of the attempt she has made to exhibit the beauty and loveliness of the maternal and filial characters, she regrets that her powers were not more adequate to give to so important a subject the zest and interest it so well deserves. Where she has failed, however, it has been from a want of capacity, not of exertion; and if she has in any degree succeeded, it has been from the sincerity of a wish to impress on the minds of women in general, a truth to which the experience of many will bear testimony, that the feelings of the heart must be made subservient to the principles of religion; and particularly to lead mothers to the reflection, that on their exertions depends in a great measure both the present and future welfare of the infants to whom they give birth.

Montague Newburgh;

OR, THE

MOTHER AND SON.



CHAP. I.

"Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep;
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly prest,
His blushing consort to his breast;

The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou can'st not name one tender tio
But here dissolv'd its reliques lie!"

W. SCOTT.

THE streets of London were thronged with people: the clamorous rejoicings of the populace testified the triumph of victory, and the houses blazed with the most brilliant illuminations! From the splendour of this spectacle and the general transports of joy; the Hon. Mrs. Newburgh, with sinking spirits, and an almost breaking heart, retired into her back drawing-room; her son, and only child, was the companion of her retirement, and she pressed the weeping boy to her bosom, in silent agony. The great naval achievement which reflected infinite credit on the skill of its commander, the bravery of the seamen, and the honour of England, had not been accomplished without immense loss: many a widow and orphan had lost in the death of the brave, their only protectors and comforters; and in the fall of Captain Newburgh, while his country lamented a hero, who was one of the greatest supporters of her navy, his widow mourned over the bier of a husband, and his child over that of a father, who,

in the tender and conscientious discharge of both relations, united every quality calculated to attract and endear.

The sensibility of Mrs. Newburgh was extreme, and her feelings acute; she loved her husband with almost enthusiastic affection, and she felt his loss as depriving her of every wish to live;—at least, such was the emotion with which she first heard of his death, and such the feeling which was revived, by the noise of the tumultuous joy around her. But, if the natural bias of her disposition inclined her to this excessive indulgence of feeling, there was a principle within her, which checked its overflowing, and made her bow with submission to the hand of Him, whose dispensation had plunged her into such deep distress; and, very quickly exerting herself, as she witnessed the agonized sobs of her child, she endeavoured to pacify him by those arguments, which enable the religious to endure affliction and solace grief.

Montague Newburgh was, at the commencement of this history, about ten years of age; in person, the exact miniature of his father's manly form, and in temper and disposition, the inheritor of his spirit and open-hearted courage: the quick feelings of his mother

beamed in the vivid expression of his eye; and his open countenance spoke a heart of tenderness and truth.

"Can I ever be happy again, mamma," said the weeping boy, as his tearful eyes met those of Mrs. Newburgh, in answer to her entreaties that he would moderate his grief; "can I ever be happy, since I have lost my father?"

The last words almost died away on his lips, and could be intelligible to her only who too deeply felt their force; as they were uttered, Montague dropped his head on his mother's knee, and the tears of Mrs. Newburgh flowed afresh.

At length, composing herself, she pressed the burning cheek of her son, and endeavouring to regulate her voice, she said in a low and solemn tone: "My child, remember you have still a father in heaven; it was by his will that your earthly parent was removed from us, and it is impious to encourage thoughts of despair; we must rather gather comfort from the reflection, that the beloved object of our distress has ever passed his life in such a manner as never to have feared death, that the last act of it was spent in nobly discharging his duty towards his king and country,

and that the blow that has deprived us of such a treasure, we humbly hope, was the passport to everlasting happiness."

Montague's grief only appeared to increase with this recapitulation of his father's virtues; he continued sobbing, and his mother conceiving it would compose the agitated feelings of the child recommended him to retire to rest: the faithful Barlow attended him to his apartment; and dismissing her maid, she soon after retired to her own.

Montague was of an age to feel acutely: after the violence of his grief had subsided, his mind became gradually more composed, and when Mrs. Newburgh, as she left her dressing-room, entered the adjoining apartment of her son, to give him as usual her nightly blessing, she found him sunk into a sweet and gentle sleep. The association of ideas, which the sight of her orphan boy occasioned, might have renewed the violence of her grief: but she had just spent an hour in supplicating divine aid, and the softened expression of melancholy submission, had taken place of the restlessness of violent grief: she silently kissed the face, whose every feature reminded her of the blessing she had lost, and recommending him to the care of Heaven,

retired to her room, and endeavoured to compose herself to sleep. The effort, however, was unsuccessful, and she arose in the morning calm, but without having closed her eyes.

CHAP. II.

Or whether on the ocean's boisterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When thou rebuk'st the storm,
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glossy level of the calm.—

SMART.

CAPTAIN Newburgh had been designed for the sea, from the moment when Admiral Courley, an intimate friend of his father, answered for him at the font of baptism, and his progress in this profession had ever done justice to the kindness and attention he had received. He had attained the rank of Post Captain when he married; which event, changing his fortune from that of dependance on his profession, to an affluence which warranted every indulgence, it was no longer necessary to continue in active service. But his spirit and courage were such as to forbid his quitting it, and he fondly hoped that before he finally retired, he should see his son growing up to adorn the character of a

British Sailor. The frustration of this hope, though unfelt by himself, for his life was instantaneously taken from him, was a severe blow on his beloved wife and child.

Mrs. Newburgh, during the occasional absence of her husband, had constantly resided in Grosvenor Square; that she might be near her uncle, Lord Penhurst, whose title, in c. se of his dying without heir, was, by a grant of the crown, to descend to her son. Unfortunately, the character of her uncle was not such as to awake any ardent affection in the bosom of his niece; but she considered it right, both out of respect to him, and on account of her son, to preserve the connection between them. There was one point, however, on which they never had agreed, and this was the future destination of Montague. The wishes of his father and mother concurred in giving the preference to the navy, while those of Lord Penhurst particularly dwelt on the less perilous profession of the law. The arguments of the latter, however, were always respectfully, though positively silenced by the fixed determination of both Captain and Mrs. Newburgh. Mrs. Newburgh had not yet seen her uncle since the intelligence had arrived of the death of her husband. He had been out of town some days, but hastened his return on receiving the melancholy news. Mrs. Newburgh fore-

saw the attempt which would be again made to shake her resolution in regard to the destination of her son; yet steadily resolved to pursue her husband's plan, she was prepared to meet the arguments of her uncle, with her usual firmness of temper. In appointing his wife the sole guardian of his son, Captain Newburgh had exhibited the perfect confidence which he had in her judgment and conduct, and in discharging the trust, she conceived it to be her first duty, to consult what would have been his wish concerning the boy.

On the evening of his arrival in London, Lord Penhurst paid a visit of condolence to his niece: the violence of Mrs. Newburgh's grief had subsided, and although the first sight of her relation revived her emotion, she quickly resumed her composure. The subject of Montague's profession was not discussed, and she felt grateful to her uncle for a delicacy, not generally characteristic of him. This forbearance, however, was not of long continuance, for the very next morning, when Lord Penhurst again visited his niece, he referred to the subject of their frequent discussion.

"Well, Louisa, I suppose you will now relinquish all idea of bringing up Montague to the sea: the danger of the profession must at length be clear to you."

Mrs. Newburgh passed over the thoughtless addition to her uncle's supposition, the force of which she deeply felt, and answered, "that her determination was now, what it ever had been, on the subject, and even if it were not her wish, the remembrance that it was that of her husband, would ever prevent her from altering it."

Lord Penhurst was provoked at this obstinacy, as he termed it, of his niece, and rising hastily began,

"Well, Madam, if"—

Mrs. Newburgh was hurt at her uncle's indifference to the state of her feelings, and exhibited her emotion in the intelligence of her eye. His Lordship felt that he had been too warm, and taking his niece's hand, and begging pardon for his abruptness, immediately left the room, resolved to renew the attack at some future opportunity. In the hall he met his little nephew, who was returning up stairs from his lamented father's library to carry his mother a dirk which she had sent him to fetch. He had been examining every part of its ornamented handle, and was pressing it to his lips with enthusiastic feeling, when he met the eye of his uncle.

"Well, my boy, what are you going to do with that pretty plaything."

With any but his uncle, Montague would have been disposed to be angry, on hearing such an appellation given to a weapon, which had been presented to his father, when only a midshipman, on account of the great bravery and conduct he had evinced in some naval engagement; but out of respect to him he checked the indignation that was rising, and quietly answered, "To place it in my own room, Sir; it is my father's legacy, and I hold it far dearer than any plaything that could be offered me."

"But of what use will it be to you, child? I hope you will never think of wearing it."

"Never, Sir?" exclaimed the little fellow with warmth, while the fire of his father's courage flashed in his eye; "never—till I have deserved it."

"And what do you mean by deserving it?" resumed his Lordship, inwardly mortified at the probable result of an attack on his nephew, the success of which he had hoped would have counterbalanced the opinions of his niece; "come hither, you seem to me to be a

strange little fellow; "now do tell me what you mean by deserving that sword?"

"Why, my Lord," replied the boy, "when I shall have had an opportunity of leaping from the deck of my own frigate, regardless of the fire around me, springing on that of the enemy, climbing up his top-mast, and hauling down his colours,—as my father did."—

Our young sailor uttered these words with inexpressible emotion; and at their conclusion was so affected, that even Lord Penhurst was moved. His feelings, however, did not divert him from his purpose of attempting to wean his nephew from the sea; yet, observing that the present time was not favourable for pressing the subject, and that, to use his own expression, "Montague was a little *bit* as well as his mother," he patted the *child* on the *head*, told him to go and learn common sense, and left the house.

A few weeks passed over the heads of Mrs. Newburgh and her son without any material event; Montague at times began to be cheerful, and his mother grew every hour more resigned to her situation. She now began seriously to consider what would be the best way of disposing of her son for the next four years, it not being

her intention that he should enter the navy till he was fourteen years of age. She was perfectly aware of the indifference shewn by many parents on points which she considered most essential in the education of those sons destined for the naval and military professions; and she was determined, if possible, to avoid in her own son, so great an error. Her husband had consolidated with his character of a British Sailor, the qualifications of the scholar, the gentleman, and the christian, and she wished to see in his representative an equal union of learning, accomplishment and religion. Had the life of Captain Newburgh been spared, it was determined that Montague should receive his education under his father's roof; his mother being qualified to direct him in his studies during the occasional absence of Captain Newburgh, the only objection to this plan, that of acquiring spirit and activity in mixing with other boys, being obviated by his naturally possessing a disposition which rather required to be repressed, than stimulated to exertion. But as in the death of her husband, Mrs. Newburgh had lost the director who was accustomed to superintend the management of her son, she at first felt some hesitation in deciding to continue his sole instructress: she was fully aware of the importance of the task, and as sensible that in taking it on herself,

she must be entirely devoted to it. The opinion of her uncle she avoided asking, for she had no confidence in his judgment, and she was yet balancing between the delight of continuing the tutor of her boy, and the regret she should feel, if convinced it would be more to his advantage to be separated from her, when Barlow entered the drawing-room to enquire if she would see Admiral Courley?

Mrs. Newburgh had not yet seen any one but her uncle since the death of her husband, but as Admiral Courley was one of the first and most faithful friends of Captain Newburgh, and felt the interest of a parent in his fate, she conquered her unwillingness to see even him, and desired her servant to introduce him.

The gallant veteran entered with the air of a man deeply interested in the feelings of the mourner before him, equally fearful of shocking them by indifference, or agitating them by emotion. Mrs. Newburgh rose to receive him, and taking the hand which was silently and respectfully offered, pressed it between her own. The tear of sensibility fell on the sun-burnt skin as she resigned it, and the weather-beaten sailor turned aside to brush off an answering drop of sympathy. Montague was leaving the room as Admiral Courley entered; he

stopped to receive the hand which was offered him by his father's friend, and then retired. As he closed the door, Admiral Courley said: "That is a noble boy of your's, Madam, I am sure: on the honour of a sailor, the little fellow, I see, is just built for our profession, and will be an honour to it very soon, unless," added he, sinking his voice, "the early death of his ever lamented father should have alarmed you, my dear madam, and induce you to alter your resolutions in regard to my little friend."

The kind and conciliating tone of her friend was a balm to the yet tender wound in the breast of Mrs. Newburgh: she looked her thanks to her friend for his encomium on her son, and assured him that she should consider it impious to make any alteration in his destiny on the grounds of his father's fall. "I am well aware," continued she, "of the dangerous profession of arms, and that in that of the navy, the alarm is twofold; but though I am convinced of this by the sad certainty of experience, I should consider myself as vainly striving to counteract the Almighty's will, if I suffered considerations of this sort to prevail with me in regard to the disposal of my son. It is true, the ball of the enemy has deprived me of the dearest blessing of life; but I am conscious that it was not directed by

chance: had it been the will of Heaven it would have passed without touching; and had my husband never entered this engagement, nor indeed ever tempted the dangers of the sea, it is equally probable that I might at this moment have been a widow, by the agency of the most unexpected event. These are the sentiments with which I have always been in the habit of contemplating the situation of my husband, and to these I partly attribute the power of subduing, within the bounds of Christian propriety, the agonized feelings I experienced at his loss. They are these, my dear Sir, with the certainty that such would have been the wish of my husband, that now determine me to pursue the plan we have ever formed in regard to my dear boy; and I shall see him as quietly and comfortably enter on his services in his majesty's navy, as I should to engage in any apparently less hazardous employ."

"Spoken like the wife of Montague Newburgh, my good lady," exclaimed the Admiral, viewing the interesting and animated figure before him, with admiration and respect; "Though I scarcely doubted what you would do, yet I own it is a relief to me to be certain that this is your determination; and if it please God to spare my life, I hope yet to see another Montague Newburgh, supplying the place of my own boy. But, I beg your

pardon, my dear Madam," added he, again drawing his hand across his eyes; "I have no regard for your feelings."

"I am truly grateful to you for the interest you shew in my distress, my good Sir," replied Mrs. Newburgh, when her feelings would allow her; "far from requiring forgiveness, it must ever share my warmest sentiments of respect. You made of my husband every thing that was desirable in a British Commander; and your offer of performing the same task for my son, is a balm to the wound I have lately experienced."

"Well, well, Madam," replied Admiral Courtey, taking Mrs. Newburgh's hand, and rising to take leave, "let me have the boy when he is fourteen, and we will then introduce him to the quarter-deck. In the mean time, keep him yourself; I am not afraid, after all I know of you, that you will take from him a jot of the spirit or enterprize, necessary in our profession: let some man of science direct his studies in naval tactics, and for the rest, he cannot have a better instructor than yourself. God bless you, Madam."

"God bless you, Sir," replied Mrs. Newburgh, as she accepted his proffered hand; "you may depend on my best exertions to make our little sailor worthy of the father he has lost."

CHAP. III.

He parted frowning from me.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE unsolicited opinion of Admiral Courley on the subject of her capacity to retain the charge of her son, was decisive with Mrs. Newburgh. She knew that her friend was no adept in compliment, and that his judgment was as clear as the delivery of his opinions was honest; she immediately dismissed every idea of being separated from her son, and, that his education might be carried on without those interruptions, a residence in London would subject her to, she resolved on taking a house in the country: but before she proceeded to make any arrangements for this purpose, she thought it right to acquaint her uncle with her determination.

Anxious to see his Lordship she ordered her carriage and taking the hand of her son, descended the staircase; but sighing deeply, as, for the first time, she viewed the mourning appendages of her vehicle, she drew back with an involuntary impulse, and hid her face in her veil. The servant, who was offering his

arm on her approach, dropped it mournfully by his side, and Montague burst into tears. For the sake of her child, as well as on her own account, Mrs. Newburgh exerted herself, and instantly advanced with him into the carriage, and very soon alighted at Berkely Square.

"I am glad you are come, Louisa," said Lord Penhurst, as Mrs. Newburgh entered, "I had just ordered the carriage to go to you, and am not sorry to be saved the drive to your house."

Mrs. Newburgh was accustomed to her uncle's inattention to the feelings of others; and perhaps it checked the tenderness of her own, on entering his house for the first time since the death of her beloved husband, to perceive the total indifference with which he considered the circumstance. She said she was glad to save him any unpleasant exertion, and assured him that she never felt it any trouble to come to him if he wished to see her, and that her present inducement was to speak to him on the subject of her son and acquaint him with her future plans.

"Ah! that is just what I wanted, Louisa, and I sincerely hope by seeing you so willing to enter on the sub-

ject, that you have discarded all your foolish romantic notions respecting the boy, and are by this time determined to make a landsman instead of a seaman of him. I have been talking of him to a friend of mine, a counsellor, and a very eminent man in his way, and he promises to make it his care that he shall rise in the profession of the law, and that for the present we cannot do better than send him to Westminster. His abilities will there be well nursed, and he will get on much faster than he ever could under petticoat government."

Mrs. Newburgh allowed her uncle to proceed thus far without interruption: indeed, he spoke with such velocity and self-confidence, that she could not have broken on his speech without rudeness, yet she was no otherwise affected by it than as it obliged her still to dissent from her nearest relation, and she replied:

"I am particularly sorry, my dear uncle, that your opinion, on the subject of my dear boy, should still so widely differ from the determination I have formed, on his future plans. I had hoped that you were convinced that I spoke sincerely, when I assured you, that I meant to fulfil the wishes of my husband, in the education of my son."

Mrs. Newburgh ventured not to lift her eyes to those of Lord Penhurst, as she uttered these words; she was conscious of their angry expression, and to have moderated their fire, would have made any sacrifice, consistent with what she conceived to be her duty. Fondly as she anticipated the delight of seeing her son an ornament to the profession, so endeared to her by its having been that of her beloved husband, she might perhaps have sacrificed *her own feelings* on the subject, to have obliged her uncle; but those of her husband she considered too sacred to allow this concession: the execution of his first wish, was the only manner in which she could shew her tender respect for his memory, and she felt that the erection of the most costly and elegant monumental stone, could her husband be allowed to witness it, would not be half so grateful to his feelings, as that of a son who was the pride and pillar of his country. With these feelings she quietly waited the storm which she feared was gathering on her uncle's brow.

"Then you really are determined to send your boy to be shot at," at length exclaimed Lord Penhurst, with more warmth than feeling; "why, I thought the fate of his father would certainly have prevented the execution of this mad scheme."

"On the contrary, Sir," mildly replied Mrs. Newburgh; "I am more than ever resolved to carry it into effect; and I do entreat, my dear uncle, that if the discussion of this subject can only be productive of unpleasant dissention, you will for the future avoid any farther remarks on it."

"I shall never take any more trouble about the boy, I assure you, Madam," angrily replied Lord Penhurst; "if you are determined on exposing him to the dangers of the sea, you must do so; but you may be certain, that however it may be out of my power to prevent my title descending to him, he never shall have a sixpence of my money that I can keep from him."

If any arguments could have prevailed on Mrs. Newburgh, to change her determination in regard to her son, these were the most unlikely to have that effect: pecuniary considerations were of no consequence to her, and she only felt hurt at the idea, that her uncle could for an instant suppose she might be swayed by them: she rose to beg that her carriage might be ordered.

Lord Penhurst replied by pulling the bell violently, and seating himself gloomily in a chair, suffered

his niece and nephew to follow his servant out of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Newburgh returned from her visit to her uncle, without having informed him of her design of retiring to the country; but feeling it useless in his present temper, to touch again on the subject of her son, she determined to write immediately to some friends residing in the Isle of Wight, and request them to take a house which was to be let in their neighbourhood, if its situation and general convenience corresponded with the professions of the advertisement. In a few days she received a favourable answer to her enquiries, and instantly prepared for her departure.

Before she left London, it was Mrs. Newburgh's wish, and she made several attempts, to see her uncle; but they were rendered fruitless by the continuance of the ill-humour of Lord Penhurst, who, mortified at the failure of his favourite scheme, of seeing the probable heir to his title make a figure at the bar, persevered in denying himself to his niece. Mrs. Newburgh was vexed at his pertinacity; but as there was no chance of conciliating him without giving up a point, she conceived it her duty to be firm in maintaining, she wrote to her uncle an affectionate adieu, in which she informed him of her intended

departure into Hampshire, and ended with a hope, that, ere long, he would indulge her with a visit. She then, after every arrangement was made, prosecuted her journey.

CHAP. IV.

In their race
To rear their graces into second life

This be the female dignity, and praise.
THOMSON.

THE interesting woman who was thus turning her back on scenes to which but too many fly for that relief in distress, they are incapable of feeling within their own bosoms, was, at the death of her husband, about five and thirty; of a light and graceful figure, and possessing a set of features, though not regularly handsome, irresistibly fascinating and expressive: a lively and pointed wit gave a constant and various charm to her conversation, while its edge was ever tempered by the soothing balm of good nature. She had moved in the first circles of fashion, and attracted universal admiration, without occasioning envy or detraction. The general distribution of her smiles, and her particular and delicate attention to her husband, defied the most distant murmur of slander in her conversation with the men, while among the females of her acquaintance, her easy and unaffected attention to all, secured their good

opinion and respect. She had moved to be admired, and her absence occasioned an universal sensation of regret. The easy and unfettered flow of spirits, however, which had been accustomed to awake this universal satisfaction was now moderated; yet, Mrs. Newburgh was still lovely; her charms had changed their character, not lost their force, and the hand of sorrow had softened, not extinguished the amiable expression of her countenance.

The spot to which Mrs. Newburgh retired, that she might without interruption attend to the education of her son, was one of the most beautiful in the back part of the island, commanding a sublime and extensive view of the open sea, and decorated on the land by the most romantic touches of natural scenery. The beautiful object of Shanklin Chine opened its wonderful chasm on the right, while the natural ramparts of the Undercliff extended thence towards the left, nearly as far as the eye could reach, and was bounded by the hills on the opposite shore. The cottage which Mrs. Newburgh now entered (although sufficiently large in its dimensions, it was of that description of buildings now generally enrolled under that name) was immediately surrounded by a copse of underwood, and standing on a gentle declivity: the viranda, erected around it,

was covered with honeysuckles, roses, and sweet-scented creepers, while the acre of ground on which the cottage stood, was tastefully ornamented with flowering shrubs and evergreens.

The situation was sufficiently removed from the sea in front, to relieve the eye from the tiresome effect, produced by an uninterrupted view of the ocean, but near enough to form a most interesting variety of prospect, when it was seen occasionally introduced between the surrounding foliage. In this retired spot, if the sea was more beautiful than sublime, more interesting than striking, a walk of five minutes up the cliff would give, to the eye fond of contemplating that element in its grandeur of extent, ample scope for indulgence, while one, of an equal portion of time extended below, would carry the footsteps close to the edge of the wave.

Mrs. Newburgh drew a convulsive sigh, as she first approached the broad expanse on which she had been accustomed to gaze, as the repository of her first earthly blessing, and the field on which the courage and conduct of her husband had frequently both alarmed and gratified her tenderness: the object of these emotions was now buried in the deep before her; she was no more to watch the return of the swelling sail, as the transporter

of her earthly comfort, and the storm that threatened shipwreck, and the prospering gale which wafted the vessel in safety to her destination, were now equally divested of power to awake personal feeling. To a heart like that of Mrs. Newburgh, and to an imagination capable of forming the clearest and most animated conceptions of fancy, such a scene as that she was now approaching, would have indulged, rather than repressed grief, had there not been in her bosom that gentle regulator of hurried emotion, and that moderate repressor of enthusiasm, the true spirit of Christianity gives to its humble votaries. It was this principle that prevented Mrs Newburgh from avoiding scenes, that were likely to awake painful feelings, and it was this, that taught her to stifle the sigh with which her bosom heaved, on thus approaching her new residence.

"What a beautiful spot for our retired residence, Montague," said Mrs. Newburgh, as she approached the cottage; "it is lovely even in the deeply faded tints of autumn."

"Yes, mamma," replied the animated boy, brushing off the tear which a sympathy with his mother's feelings had brought into his eye; "it is all beautiful, but look

at that ship yonder to leeward; how finely she scuds along, she looks so like the"—

Then checking himself, as he was on the point of incautiously mentioning his father's ship.

"Well, I think I shall not have much difficulty in studying amongst these cliffs; it will be very pleasant to carry my Virgil up, on one of those mossy crags, and seat myself amongst the surrounding beds of flowers."

"Well said, my little classic," replied Mrs. Newburgh, smiling on her son; "keep this resolution, and we shall do very well: but," added she, reverting to the taste which she knew to be paramount to every other, in the imagination of her son; "I believe you must always make choice of a crag which gives you an opportunity of turning your back on the sea, or probably you may, now and then, be more inclined to follow the fisherman's boat with your eye, than the vessel of Æneas, through the medium of the imagination, and the assistance of the grammar and dictionary."

"Well, mother, I own I do love to see the sailors scamper up and down their ladders of ropes," replied Montague; "but I will promise you not to indulge this

fancy of mine at the risk of leaving the crew of Æneas supperless on the Afriçan shore."

"We shall make out very well no doubt," said Mrs. Newburgh, "in our retreat. You will give me all the attention I shall require in the earlier hours of the day; in return for which I will procure for you those water excursions I know you are so fond of."

Montague's eye glistened with pleasure at this kindness of his mother, who anxious to cultivate the mind of her son with the most refined taste for elegant literature, was equally cautious not to repress that ardour for naval distinction, which so strongly marked his opening character.

The friends, whose occasional residence in the island was an inducement with Mrs. Newburgh to give this neighbourhood the preference, were Mr. and Mrs. Lenville. Their surviving family consisted of three children, two boys and a girl. The two former being designed for the army, in which a maternal uncle was distinguished for military abilities, and the possession of powerful interest, were to receive their education at Sandhurst; but they had not yet joined that establishment, having only in the preceding summer attained

the ages of eleven and twelve years. Little Louisa Lenville was the youngest and darling child of this family, the only daughter amongst a numerous list of sons, the inheritress of all her mother's dazzling beauty, and the object of her father's most extravagant and misplaced indulgence. She was about nine years of age, unusually tall and well-formed for her years, possessing every advantage of intellectual endowment, and an activity of imagination which was absolutely surprising. Her thought was as quick as light, and there was an intelligence in her eye, that expressed every feeling as it arose in her bosom. But all these endowments, so lavishly bestowed by nature on the little Louisa, threatened to be the rock on which her happiness was to split before one of them had reached its maturity. The obvious and undisguised distinction with which she was caressed, and the applause bestowed on her infant sallies of wit and humour by her doating, but imprudent father, made her vain, self sufficient, and conceited: the peevish murmurs of dissatisfaction that escaped her mother, who possessed sense enough to see the mischief preparing for her child, without the resolution, or even the power to prevent it, increased her buoyant spirits into restless irritability; and inflamed, rather than repressed, the warmth of her passions. The unlimited precedence, relinquished to her by one of her

brothers, made her overbearing towards him, while the implicit and servile attention of the servants to the slightest of her wishes, made her the impetuous tyrant among them. There was one of the family alone who retained any influence over her, and this was her elder brother, William, who was gentle, mild, and prepossessing in his manners: her fiery temper cooled before his eye of tenderness, and when she witnessed the firmness with which he always withstood her unreasonable attempts at power, and the generous warmth with which he always attempted to prevent her falling into error, her natural ingenuousness frequently triumphed over her momentary fits of passion. Thus, if she contended with her mother, William was called to reason with her; if she flounced at her father, it was William alone, who could recal her sense of filial duty; and if in the progress of her pets, one servant received a slap on the face, and another mourned over a torn garment, Master William was applied to, to cool the little fury, and it was Master William alone, whose smiles could atone to Betty, for the loss of her best muslin handkerchief.

But this sweet tempered boy was born for other purposes, than to preside at the education, and correct the growing passions of a spoiled sister. The field of honour and of glory was open before him, and it was

only on his occasional returns home, after sedulously employing his time in acquiring the possession of necessary knowledge, that he could hope to be a benefit to the little Louisa, who was equally, if not more dear to him, than to any other of the family. He, with his brother, had left the island now some weeks after their summer vacation, and Louisa had had full time to resume all her overbearing qualities, when Mrs. Newburgh and Montague arrived, and the little girl was introduced to her godmother.

Mrs. Newburgh and Mrs. Lenville, though of characters in many points very opposite to each other, had for many years been in habits of familiar friendship. They had been intimate, when young, and having been, as they settled in life, thrown into the same society, the affection, which was so early formed, had encreased with their years. Mrs. Newburgh would often regret peculiarities in her friend which she anxiously wished to be removed; but, as her faults appeared to be those of the head, not the heart, and her errors those of judgment, not of principle, she never relaxed in her friendship towards her; and although she saw much to disapprove in the glaring defects of Mr. Lenville, yet as she frequently observed that gentleman repress the boisterous oath in her presence, and had known him avoid breaches

of the sabbath in deference to her better principles, she hoped that her intimacy with him, and the correct example he had always seen in the conduct of her husband, might awake, in the course of time, better motives for the correction of his vicious habits. Thus the two families had ever been on terms of intimacy, and at the birth of Mr. Lenville's only daughter, Mrs. Newburgh's offer of answering for the little girl at the font of baptism, was accepted with readiness by both her parents, and the name of Louisa Newburgh was given her in compliment to that lady.

The meeting between Mrs. Newburgh and Mrs. Lenville was such as might be expected after the recent loss which the former had sustained, and the associations awakened on the first sight of her friend. Mrs. Lenville was not deficient in feeling; she repressed, therefore, her high flow of spirits, and by a natural impulse, changed the usually imposing style of her conversation, to the soothing voice of sympathy. This tenderness was not lost on Mrs. Newburgh; it proved a balm peculiary grateful to the heart of our afflicted widow. It was the first tribute of the kind she had received from female friendship, and she embraced Mrs. Lenville with all the warmth of youthful affection.

"I am almost sorry that we are so soon to leave the island," said Mrs. Lenville, on the evening of Mrs. Newburgh's arrival; "I feel so much pleasure in seeing you, that I regret we are to part so soon."

"I shall also regret losing you," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "but the winter months will quickly pass over our heads, and in the next summer, I trust we shall spend many happy days together. Montague and I," added she, smiling, and taking the hand of her son, "have a great deal to do in the next few years, and perhaps, if we were not sometimes left to ourselves, we might grow too fond of our friends, and think less of our books than we ought. But take a run by the water, my boy, before the evening closes. Mrs. Lenville will, I am sure, excuse you, and I know you wish to be running about."

Montague looked an apology with his fine dark eye at Mrs. Lenville; then taking up his hat with eagerness, was at the water's edge in the course of a few minutes.

"Your son is a fine fellow," said Mrs. Lenville, as Montague closed the door; "but tell me how you educate him: I thought you would have left him at school. Do you mean to have a tutor for him?"

"Neither the one nor the other, I trust," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "it may be a singular determination that I have made to educate him entirely myself; but as I received from my father a classical education, and as I feel that I have sufficient strength both of body and mind for the undertaking, I cannot see any reason why I should resign the high gratification I promise myself."

"Then you relinquish the sea for him; for surely a boy will get laughed at, who enters the navy immediately from his mother's management."

"On the contrary, it is my first wish that he should be of the profession which of all others is dearest to me, and which the remembrance of his father renders almost sacred. I would not relinquish it on any consideration, and I have no fear whatever, while I am determined to give him, by the blessing of God, those principles which will fit him for any profession, that I shall be the means of depriving him of that spirit and courage, so necessary of the navy. No, believe me," continued Mrs. Newburgh, with her countenance animated by an expression of tenderness, and her eye emitting a spark of her husband's courage; "I have too much of the

sailor about me, ever to damp the ardour with which my Montague always speaks of his intended profession."

The subject of their conversation now entered, accompanied by Mr. Lenville and Louisa, who, running up to her mother, asked if she was not going home to-night?

Mrs. Lenville was in no haste to leave her friend, but as there was no peace in her society, where Louisa made one of the company, and as she thought Mrs. Newburgh would like to be left quietly alone, she accepted Mr. Lenville's invitation to walk, and returned to their own cottage, situated about a quarter of a mile from that now occupied by Mrs. Newburgh.

"What a beautiful little girl Louisa Lenville is, mamma," observed Montague to Mrs. Newburgh, as soon as their visitors were gone; "but I never saw such a spirit as she has. I met her and Mr. Lenville soon after I went out, and we were walking along the shore, where the waves rolled over and over so fast that it was impossible to follow them, when Miss said she must go home, and when her papa begged her to walk a little farther, she fell into such a passion that——poor child," added Montague, "but I dare say they do not manage her well, for I am sure she looks sweet tempered enough."

CHAP. V

In him thy well appointed proxy see,
Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth,
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye to prove
The force of discipline when backed by love;
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
His mind informed, his morals undefiled.

COWPER.

THE observations which Montague made to his mother on Louisa Lenville the first evening of their arrival were fully justified, by the experience of a very few days. She observed with regret, the unhappiness preparing for the daughter of her friend, and perceiving that the natural disposition of the child was amiable, was anxious to try the effect that a change of management would produce on her at present ungovernable temper. The circumstance of her father and mother leaving the island appeared to her a favourable opportunity to make the experiment, if they could be induced to leave her behind them; but she almost dreaded

making the request, seeing the blind partiality and indulgence of Mr. Lenville.

She very soon, however, gained the first point in her undertaking, without which it would have been useless to attempt its accomplishment, and that was the favour and fondness of the child herself; for Louisa, pleased with the conciliating kindness of her new acquaintance, and no less delighted in having so pleasant a play-fellow as Montague, whose good humour tempted him to indulge all her fancies and whims, was always desirous of paying visits at the Undercliff Cottage, and when Mrs. Newburgh one day asked her, in the midst of a game of play in the shrubbery, what she should do when in London, where there were no pleasure grounds, she immediately answered "she wished she could stay behind, and she certainly would if Mrs. Newburgh would allow her."

"I should be very happy to keep you, my love," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "but you know we must ask papa and mamma, for—"

"Oh! I never mind what they say," eagerly replied Louisa; "I always do every thing I please."

Never were truer words than these spoken, and never had Mrs. Newburgh more difficulty to repress

an admonition she wished to make on their impropriety; but fearing to check the willingness her little friend evinced of staying with her in the country, if she now began to administer even the most gentle reproof, she merely repeated the necessity there was of asking Mr. and Mrs. Lenville's consent to the proposed arrangement, and leaving Louisa, under the care of her own maid, walked immediately to their residence.

Mrs. Newburgh had very little difficulty, in surmounting the objections at first started by her friend, to resigning her to her care during the approaching winter. That lady too deeply felt the sad consequences resulting from her want of resolution, in directing the lively passions of her child, not to be easily persuaded by the kindness of a friend, whom she saw possessed of that superiority of judgment, necessary to produce a desirable change in the character of Louisa. But from Mr. Lenville, it was more difficult to procure the desired consent. His whole delight seemed concentrated in his daughter; the advancement of either of his sons appeared of minor importance to the cultivation of those personal graces and lively turn of thought which peculiarly marked the lovely Louisa, and he would pass whole hours in anticipating the delight, with which he should witness the admiration her charms would

excite when she arrived at an age to be introduced into the splendid circles of fashion. But he little considered that he was depriving her, by his false indulgence, of every advantage likely to ensure this admiration, as well as of those more estimable qualities, accompanied by which, they could alone be desirable. He did not consider that the most blooming youth, requires the decent mantle of propriety; the most dazzling beauty has no charms, if it be not shaded by the chaste veil of modesty; and that the most sportive gaiety becomes disgusting, if it be unaccompanied by the artless companion innocence. Mr. Lenville was not sufficiently aware of the probable retreat in which these guardians of female honour and virtue were to be met with, even if he wished to seek them: he knew little of the peace and happiness that christianity bestows on the heart, and was not conscious that within the shelter of its principles alone could be found these inestimable treasures.

Mrs. Newburgh was careful not to touch on these points in her conversation with Mr. Lenville, relative to the visit of Louisa: she was too anxious for the event, to venture any risk in the execution of her plan, and merely grounded her request on the solitude of her

ex ·· ·ation, and the resource it would be to her to have so lively a companion as Louisa.

M· Lenville was a long time hesitating, and was just on the point of putting a decisive refusal on the subject, when Louisa, always impatient when any favourite scheme was in agitation, entered the room in haste, and completely out of breath, having escaped from the guardian under whose care Mrs. Newburgh had left her.

"Papa," cried she, running up to Mr. Lenville, "I do not mean to go to London with you: I must stay here with Mrs. Newburgh, for the country is so much prettier than the town."

On first glancing at his child, as she entered the room in the full blaze of animated loveliness, Mr. Lenville congratulated himself on the refusal he had determined to give to Mrs. Newburgh's request, but he was accustomed never to offend against the imperious *must*, with which Miss Lenville assured him she should not accompany him to town, and taking her by the hand, while he declared she was the sweetest little angel he ever saw, he said, "he could never deny her any thing."

Mrs. Lenville looked expressively at Mrs. Newburgh, that she might observe the power her child possessed over her father; and Mrs. Newburgh answering the glance with a sigh of interest, felt thankful both for the sake of the child, and her friend, that she had gained, by any means, the consent of Mr. Lenville to part with the beloved object of his mistaken fondness for the next six months. In a very few days after Mr. and Mrs. Lenville left the island; and Mrs. Newburgh, whose spirits were now soothed into composure, and whose melancholy, by well-principled reflection, was now changed into a strenuous exertion of mental faculty, entered on the plan of education she had formed for her son; while the intermediate hours were employed in the improvement of the little Louisa, and in the exercise of active charity among the few poor cottagers, who resided in the vicinity. The idea of water-excursions was laid aside for this year and Montague, though he frequently longed to be on the element, to which he was so partial, in compliance with his mother's wishes that he would wait the return of spring, was satisfied in exercising the activity of his limbs, in climbing the rough crags of the Undercliff in every direction, exploring each hidden recess of the neighbouring chines, roaming along the sea-shore in search of curiosities, or in watching the swelling sails from

the time when they appeared in the distant horizon, till their full sheets were near enough for the eye to distinguish, with the glass, the size and freight of the vessel.

Although Mrs. Newburgh, from having been the wife of a naval officer, of both theoretical and practical knowledge, had naturally from her constant participation in any pursuits that interested him, acquired more information on the science of navigation, than it is necessary, or even expedient, for women in general to possess; yet, in directing the studies of her son, this was the only point on which she mistrusted her own powers. She possessed books of every description on the subject, and, as they had been selected by her husband, she could not doubt of their propriety and value: but she was fearful, in studying them, of misapplying phrases, or misconstruing passages, in such a manner, as might obscure, rather than elucidate, the system she wished to explain. A course of simple mathematics she had gone through; and the sciences of geography and astronomy had been her peculiar delight; but she knew that the knowledge of a sailor on the former should extend very far beyond the elements to which she had confined herself, and that in applying the two latter to the observations to be made at sea, a different

view of things was requisite, than such as she could communicate. Her mind, however, was very soon relieved from anxiety on this account, by an introduction to the clergyman of the neighbouring village, who with his wife, a pretty diffident young woman, paid a visit to the Undercliff cottage, a few days after Mrs. Newburgh made her appearance at church.

Mr. Carlton, although naturally averse to the profession, had been designed for the navy from his earliest years. Family-interest rendered this profession advisable, and he had the good sense, not only to make no objections to the wishes of his parents, but strenuously to apply to those studies most likely to advance him in the line pointed out for his pursuit. Under the auspices of a friend of his father he entered the service much earlier than is at present usual, and had completed his term of years as a midshipman, before he had reached his seventeenth year. But notwithstanding the proficiency he had made in nautical learning, and the practical knowledge he had gained, his natural dislike to the sea, increased by an almost entire loss of health and spirits, when he embarked on that element, still continued; and before he was of age to pass for a lieutenant, a considerable fortune being left him by a distant female relation of the family, his father

was induced to change his views with regard to his son, and to comply with his first wishes of becoming a candidate for holy orders. The studious turn of Mr. Carlton's mind, and the hope he had always cherished of being enabled to follow his natural inclination in the choice of a profession, had induced him to apply constantly to his classical studies; consequently, after a short residence with a clergyman of respectability, who prepared him for his examination, he entered the university of Oxford with credit; and after the usual term of years, was ordained to the cure of a parish in the back of the Island. To this spot he immediately retired, with his wife and infant child, meaning to reside there till the living, to which he expected to be preferred, should be vacated by the death of its present incumbent.

Mrs. Newburgh was much pleased with the manners and address of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and was not long in discovering in the former, the exact person adequate to supply the only, and important deficiency she felt in the guidance of her son; and suggesting the plan, she instantly formed, as delicately as possible to Mr. Carlton, she found that gentleman most willing to give her the assistance she required. The necessary arrangements were quickly made; Montague was to spend two hours every

morning with Mr. Carlton, and this time Mrs. Newburgh meant to appropriate to the improvement of little Louisa Lenville. She designed to be engaged with her son in his classical studies, an equal portion of time: the middle part of the day, as best calculated at this season of the year, was designed for sports and exercise out of the house, and the employments of the evenings were to be varied in the perusal of history, poetry, and elegant literature, in the exercise of the pencil, or in any rational amusement that could be obtained in the house. Among the latter may be reckoned, a selection which our young sailor was making, in a book set apart for the purpose, of the naval engagements, particularly signalized in the annals of history; this employment was much encouraged by his mother, who frequently pleased her son by begging him to read her a sketch from his manuscript.

Besides the advantage which the acquaintance of Mr. Carlton proved to Montague, the society of his wife was a source of gratification to Mrs. Newburgh. With her spirits still depressed from her recent misfortune, and little disposed for company, she found, in the retiring loveliness and gentle manners of her new acquaintance, a pleasure she could not have received from a general intercourse with the world; and Mrs. Carlton,

whose diffidence concealed much intellectual capability, unbent to the winning manners of Mrs. Newburgh; while the lisping sweetness of the infant Mary, was an additional source of interest, and frequently beguiled the tear, that would unbidden start from the eye of the sailor's widow.

CHAP VI.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove
And break those awful precepts I approve.

MRS. CARTER.

MANY days had not elapsed after Mr. and Mrs. Lenville's departure from the island, before Louisa, the charm of novelty having subsided, and the fear of exposing herself before Mrs. Newburgh being removed, testified some symptoms of that passion and pettishness, which had been occasioned by the indulgence of her father. The provocation was, as usual, slight, but the consequences had nearly proved fatal.

The dirk, which Montague possessed as the legacy of his father, and which he valued more than any thing, both as a pledge of his affection, and a proof of that early bravery, he was so anxious to imitate, had a place assigned it in a cabinet standing in a small room peculiarly appropriated to his use: a day never passed without his paying a visit to this precious gift, and he frequently drew its shining blade from the scabbard, to watch the appearance of the slightest spot of dust,

which might, if allowed to adhere, produce rust, or tarnish the high polish it had received. His apartment led from the drawing-room to a conservatory, which opened into the shrubbery. He was engaged one morning, in paying his usual attentions to his father's legacy, when his mother, who was sitting in the drawing room at her work by the window, called him to fetch the glass, that she might ascertain the size of a passing vessel. Montague, eager to wait on his mother, instantly flew to her with the telescope, which usually stood on the table, and incautiously left the dirk unsheathed, with the glittering girdle by its side. A few moments after he had left the room, Louisa entering it through the conservatory, espied before her "the beautiful little sword" which she had so frequently seen through the glass doors of the cabinet, and wished to play with. Without hesitation she seized the prize, and was exultingly carrying it off, when Montague, hearing the rattle of the gold chain which depended from its hilt, quickly left his mother, to discover who had obtained the possession of his treasure. But it was not to be recovered easily: for Louisa, delighted with the dazzling ornaments with which it was embossed, and heedless of the danger likely to result from playing with so sharp an instrument, dragged it with all its appendages from the table, declaring she would

have it, and Montague might take it from her if he could. Montague, alarmed for the safety of his dirk, and for the hands that carried its naked edge, hastily followed the child, who was now screaming with the fear of losing her prize, and running through the conservatory into the shrubbery. At this moment, Mrs. Newburgh, hearing some confusion in the adjoining apartment, and desirous of learning its occasion, followed the traces of the little fugitives, who both fled swiftly through the grounds. She followed them by a shorter way, and arrived at a summer-house at the bottom of the garden nearly with them. Louisa was not aware of the vicinity of Mrs. Newburgh, but hearing that lady's voice as she approached, and being conscious that it would be now impossible to retain her treasure, without turning her head, passionately threw it behind her. Its direction was immediately at Mrs. Newburgh's breast, and being hurled with much violence, although by a young hand, it is impossible to say what fatal injury it might have occasioned, had not Montague who had fallen back a few steps, on hearing the voice of his mother, observed its direction, and hastily stepping aside, received the sharp point of the weapon in the palm of his left hand. The wound bled profusely, but its pain was forgotten in the grateful feeling which warmed the heart of our young sailor, as he contem-

plated the wound his mother might have received, but for his presence of mind. He instantly drew the dirk from his bleeding hand, and silently ejaculating a prayer of thanks to heaven, threw himself into the arms of Mrs. Newburgh, who, alarmed at the stream of blood which flowed from the wound of her son, was for a few moments deprived of the power of taking any step for its relief. The tenderness and courage of her husband ar se to her imagination, at the early manifestation of these qualities in her son, and she pressed the glowing boy to her bosom in silent, but agonized delight. She at length recovered her composure, and shuddering as she looked at the incision which the sharp point of the dirk had made, took out her handkerchief to bind it.

"Why, it is nothing, mamma," said Montague, who now began to suffer acute pain; "it will soon heal, I dare say; and if I should loose the use of my hand, surely I can spare one hand for my mother. I shall still have my sword-arm left for my country, you know," added the spirited boy, at the same time twisting round his head, the dirk which he had not dropped since he took it from the other hand. Mrs. Newburgh smiled through her tears at her son's ardour, and looking at him with much tenderness, continued to bind the wound.

The passionate little girl, who was the occasion of this interesting event, had gone into the summer house conscious and ashamed of what she had done: her passion was cooled, and when Mrs. Newburgh, before she returned to the house, went to seek her, she hung down her head, and burst into tears. Montague's compassion was immediately excited, and turning to his mother he begged she would not be angry with Louisa, for she would not, he was sure, be in a passion again.

Mrs. Newburgh, however disposed to oblige her son, thought that the present opportunity should not be passed without impressing on the mind of Louisa the dangerous tendency of her unsubdued passions; and coolly telling her that she was afraid of living with little girls who were such dangerous companions, begged she would go to her own room. Louisa, sobbing and crying, slowly entered the house, and Mrs. Newburgh followed with her son, who now proceeded to clean the shining blade, on which the marks of his own blood were still visible; and carefully arranging all its ornaments, returned it safely to its place.

But he could not be happy whilst Louisa was in disgrace, and at length persuaded his mother to relax from her determination of confining her up stairs all

the day, and allow her to join her friends at dinner. Mrs. Newburgh accordingly visited Louisa in her own room, and represented to her the injury she had done poor Montague, and how long it would be before he would be able to use his hand again. She asked her how she should like to have killed her, which it was probable she might have done, had not the interposition of Montague's hand, arrested the course of the dirk.

Louisa was much moved by this representation and the arguments which Mrs. Newburgh thought it necessary to employ for her benefit, and promising for the future never to touch any thing she was desired not, nor to put herself in a passion when she was denied the possession of what she very much wished to obtain, Mrs. Newburgh kissed her tenderly, and told her to run and ask Montague to shake hands with her.

"Yes, I will forgive you," said Montague, "since you have left me my right hand; and all the punishment that I shall inflict will be, that you must cut my dinner for me, as long as I cannot do it myself."

He then took her affectionately by the hand, and they tripped down to dinner, in obedience to the summons the footman had just given.

Mrs. Newburgh followed: the little party were again restored to cheerfulness, and in the evening Montague was called on by his mother to give her an extract from his manuscripts. He selected the account of the glorious victory which signalized the close of the life of Admiral Blake, "the Nelson, and the Sidney Smith of his day;" who, though he unfortunately fought for an usurper, was averse to his cause.

CHAP. VII.

The hunter on the mountain's brow,
    The rosy youth from study free,
Ne'er breath'd, O Cheerfulness! a vow
    More fond than I have breath'd to thee.

Yet sometimes, if in lonely hour
I leave thy lov'd, enchanting bower,
    By glooms of wayward fancy driven;
And from thee turn my languid eyes,
Nor longer deem thy pleasures wise,
    Oh! be my suffering heart forgiven.

SMYTH.

THE winter was now approaching upon the little party assembled in this retired spot. The trees had shed their last withered leaves, and the evergreens stood prominent objects in the surrounding plantations. A regular succession of employments beguiled the heaviness of the dark days before Christmas. Montague, with occasional, but not frequent fits of idleness and inattention, pursued with diligence his classical studies with his mother, and those more immediately relating

to his profession with Mr. Carlton; and Louisa, with passions regulated, and affectionate docility, attending to the kind instructions of her valuable friend, now shewed the advantages of a lively imagination and quick intellect, when properly managed and appropriated. Her instances of pettish self-will were now rare and trivial; and when they did occur, a word of admonition from Mrs. Newburgh checked the rising fire; and the firm and entreating eye of Montague, when he saw her likely to be ruffled in their plays, immediately found its way to her feeling heart.

Mrs. Newburgh, with that best regulator of the affections, the pure spirit of christianity as her director, was now become generally cheerful, and her countenance was recovering that smile of satisfaction, which had so peculiarly characterized its expression, before the death of her husband had overspread it with melancholy. That there were still moments, however, when very painful reflections would obtrude themselves on the imagination of this lovely woman, cannot be denied; but at these times, she would retire from the society of the young people to her own apartment, and seek in the consolations of religion the balm for her bleeding wound. She would now and then also find a pensive pleasure in dwelling on the happiness of her

former life, and on the subject that touched the softest feelings of her heart; but, fearful lest the indulgence might deprive her of that presence of mind and serenity, necessary in the instruction of her young charges, she seldom allowed her fancy this free range. When she did, it was at those times, when leaving them at their amusements, she spent half an hour by the sea-shore, with the prospect of the boundless ocean before her, and felt relief by committing to paper ideas occasioned by her peculiar train of thought.

It was one morning, at the latter end of November, when the threatening clouds and the rising waves gave indication of an approaching storm, that, unusually depressed by the association of ideas they occasioned, Mrs. Newburgh, leaving her young charges at their respective employments, strolled down to the sea-shore. She felt her heart sicken with sad remembrances, as she viewed the stormy element before her, and taking from her pocket a pencil, she relieved her imagination by the production of the following wild effusion:

Saw ye not, Lucy, from the covert glide
The mountain-brook along?
She stay'd a moment by its murm'ring side,
And lowly stoop'd, the glitt'ring drop to hide,
That fell its weeds among.

Then hastily she past;
But as she fled, she cast
A troubled glance upon the distant sea;
It was the theme on which her spirit hung,
And as across her breast her lyre she flung,
Thus wildly flowed its melody:

" Hark! to yon billow's distant roar!
What airy footsteps on the shore,
Among the surges dance?
'Tis the wild genius of the flood,
Who menacing, in angry mood,
Forbids me to advance.

Oh! is there none, who from her brow will tear
That flowing ringlet of his nut-brown-hair?
And quickly bring the waving lock to me,
A last sad pledge of tender memory?
For alas! he is gone;
And the cold marble stone
Now cruelly covers his breast;
And the fire of his eye,
Is lost in the sigh,
That has laid his brave spirit to rest.

Is it his bark that stems yon curling tide?
Is it his signal on the topmast high?
Oh! bear me to the vessel's gallant side,
That I may see him as he passes by:
The floating sail I seize,
Ah! blow each fav'ring breeze,
Till in his faithful breast my burning head I hide.

Alas! I vainly grasp; the shadowy prize
Has vanish'd swiftly from my aching eyes,
And leaves a void behind;
And yet again, I see the stately prow,
Where in the sunbeam, distant waters glow,
Scudding before the wind.

Is not the sky serenely bright?
Does not the sun his clearest light
Softly reflect around?
Then whence that atmospheric flame?
Thrice—thrice across the deck it came;
And whence that fearful sound?

'Tis the dire instrument of hostile rage:
Oh! from the murd'rous war, yon squadrons rage,
Ye guardian spirits save!
Again the fire along the bow-sprit flam'd;
The mortal thunder was too surely aim'd!
He sinks among the brave!"
Here dropp'd poor Lucy's lyre—and as it fell, a cloud
Bore her soft shade away, to meet her sailor's shroud!

CHAP. VIII.

And Pity at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest, if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and sleepless from the grave.

BOWLES.

THE rain was now beginning to fall, and Mrs. Newburgh, whose spirits were much agitated from the indulgence she had allowed her fancy, felt a general chill after the feverish heat which had before overspread her face. She hastened home, and meeting her son as she approached the cottage, whose anxious countenance evinced his consciousness of the state of his mother's feelings, she inwardly condemned herself for the indulgence she had given to the reins of her fancy. Her usual serenity was gone, and a nervous irritability possessed her frame. She accepted the proffered arm of her son; but begging him not to follow her as they entered the house, she immediately retired to her own apartment.

"Oh! this storm which is working up, Barlow," said Montague to the servant who then crossed the hall as he entered the dining room; "this storm will quite cut up my mother, see how she is agitated, at only viewing the threatening clouds!"

"Ah! poor lady!" answered the feeling Barlow, "she cannot help thinking sometimes of our poor brave aptain; but it is not very often she takes on neither, I think, considering, sir!"

"No," replied Montague, while the tears started from his eyes; "we seldom see her so moved as she is to-day; and I dare say, when we meet at dinner, she will be quite calm again, for she always is so, after having been alone in her room."

"Ah! she knows where to find comfort, sir; and I am sure, if it was not for thinking the poor dear captain is gone aloft, and for my good lady's saying, we should all work ship with him again in t'other world, if we keep straight a head here, I should not have much heart to keep out to sea without him."

"Do you think the storm will increase very much, Barlow?" enquired Montague.

"Ah! sir; the gale has been freshening ever since noon; and I am no sailor, if we don't have foul weather afore midnight. But what shall I do with all these bits of reckoning here, Sir, and the log-book, for John's coming to lay the cloth for dinner?"

The fact was, that the mind of Montague, as well as that of his mother, had been a little disturbed this morning by the lowering atmosphere, and his attention had been so frequently diverted from the exercise before him on the table to the scene on the outside of the house, as he sat in his own room, that at length, when it approached four o'clock, and his Latin construction remained yet unprepared, he had made a sudden resolution to complete his task; and for that purpose carried all his apparatus into the dining-room, which being in the back of the house presented no obstacle from without. Casting his eyes, however, on his watch, as he was just completing his task, and finding that it was within a quarter of five, that the day was fast closing in, and that he had not heard his mother return, he hastily took up his hat, and leaving all his papers on the table, met her as she entered the gate that led to the cottage. He now smiled at the question put to him by Barlow, and taking up his

reckonings and his log-book, left the apartment, when the footman entered with the tray.

Montague was right when he said that his mother would recover her composure by dinner-time, and Barlow was equally so, for she knew where to find comfort. She met the young people in the dining-room with her usual composure, was more than commonly cheerful during tea-time, and in the course of the evening requested her son to read the account of Lord Nelson's victory off Copenhagen. It was the first engagement of consequence in which her husband had ever served, and its remembrance, as was every other circumstance relative to his naval career, was cherished with a sort of veneration by his widow. Montague was agitated as he turned to the page in which was written the account he was desired to read; but quickly recovering himself complied with his mother's request.

Mrs. Newburgh, having a very violent head-ache, retired early to bed: her apartment being over the dining-room, in the back part of the house, she was little disturbed by the wind which blew immediately against the front windows, and fell asleep earlier than was customary with her. The slumbers also of Louisa, who lay in a bed in Mrs. Newburgh's room, were

equally undisturbed; but Montague, whose apartment was towards the sea, and who had been listening to the increasing storm, ever since Barlow had given his opinion that there would be foul weather, could not prevail on himself to go to bed. He sat up in his own room till near twelve, at which time the wind had risen to a tremendous height: the rain which seemed to fall, more in torrents, than in showers, threatened to break his windows, and the ocean literally "roared horribly:" he was meditating on the probability of any ships or boats being exposed to the ravages of the storm, when he heard a loud hallow from the shore, immediately opposite his window: it was answered from a little distance, when the first voice quickly said:

"Do ye think she will weather it, Jack?"

"No, she was water-logged when I passed her, and there was such a swell, and my boat drove in shore so fast, I could not get after her."

"If we were to get a pair of oars and stretch out, Jack," resumed the first voice.

"I would not for twenty guineas try to get through such a surf again," answered the other man; who was

approaching his companion, and as they now drew close together, it was no longer possible to distinguish what they said.

Montague, whose heart was swelling with feelings of humanity, at the idea of the danger to which, from what he had heard, some of his fellow creatures were exposed, could remain quiet no longer, and going gently along the passage which led to the stair-case, in fear of awakening his mother, crept down to the room where Barlow slept. That kind-hearted fellow had not yet been in bed, and having also heard the conversation from the shore was in the act of putting on his great coat to proceed to the spot, whence the voices had issued, when his young master made his appearance.

"Wait an instant for me, Barlow," said Montague, at the same time putting his arm into his great coat.

"You wont go, sir, will you?" rejoined Barlow, hesitating as he put the candle into a lantern which he held in his hand; "why, sir, to be sure you'll be blown overboard, the wind does blow such a hurricane just now."

"Then I shall thank you, Barlow, who taught me to swim," replied Montague, "come, follow your captain,"

added he briskly, as he took up the lantern which the man had put down, in doubt whether the young gentleman should go out without the knowledge of his mistress.

"Shut the door gently, lest you should awake my mother," said Montague as he stepped out of the house, and was tottering from the violent gust of wind which came full in his face.

Barlow followed his direction, and immediately overtook his young master: they proceeded to the sea-shore: the two men, whose voices had attracted their attention, were still conversing together, and our young sailor, instantly addressing one of them, asked for whom they were in alarm. He was informed that an old man of the name of Peter Hopkins, with his son, a lad of fourteen years of age, had gone out fishing early in the day in company with two other boats, but against the advice of the other boatmen: for his boat was then leaky, and there was every appearance of rough weather. The storm had increased to a greater height than any of them had expected; but having met with great success in their employment, they delayed their return till the darkness of the night, and the increasing fury of the storm rendered their approach to the shore

highly dangerous. Two of the boats, however, had after much difficulty arrived in safety; but the third, being in a shattered condition, was not yet come in, and it was feared had encountered some accident.

"Is there no possibility;" eagerly asked Montague, "of getting off to the rescue of those poor people, in a boat better calculated to weather the storm? could not either of you," continued he addressing the two men alternately; "could not either of you"—

The rest of this speech was prevented by the violence of a swelling wave throwing on the shore a substance which fell at the feet of Barlow: the next wave would have probably returned it to the ocean, had not his presence of mind anticipated such an event, and putting his hand upon it, and dragging it a few paces up on the shore, he discovered by the light of the lantern, the apparently lifeless body of the younger Peter Hopkins.

"Then the boat must have sunk," exclaimed Montague, striking his breast with his right hand, and bending over the body of the lad in silent horror: but quickly recovering himself, he turned to Barlow, and taking up one of the hands of the body, whose immediate return to

the earth gave little hope of the probability of the suggestion; "perhaps he may not be dead. I have heard my father say that animation has been restored after a body has to all appearance been dead some hours, and this lad cannot have been in the water more than one. Let us take him instantly to the cottage, and be careful to carry him with his head raised;" continued he, as he saw the men beginning to follow his directions.

"My cottage is as nigh," said one of the sailors, "and my good woman is up, and waiting for me: if I might be so bold as to advise, we had better steer in that way, for fear of frightening madam, sir."

"Thank you, my good friend," replied Montague, "it might be better."

"Bear away then, Jack," said the man, whose voice Montague now recognised to be the one that had first attracted his attention.

"Can we do any thing about the poor old man," asked Montague of Barlow.

"Nothing, sir," replied he; "there can't be a doubt but the boat's upset; unless please God to send up his

body too, then we might do the same by him, as we are trying to do by the boy."

They were now arrived at the cottage, and Montague giving the lantern to Jack as his companion called him, and desiring him to return with it to the sea shore in case the body of old Hopkins should be thrown up, remained himself with Barlow and the other man, to assist in using means most likely to restore animation to the body of the poor lad.

They laid him on a bed, with his head considerably raised. Then taking off his clothes, and carefully cleaning his mouth and nostrils, they proceeded to rub him gently with flannel sprinkled with spirits: at the same time they kindled a fire on the hearth and applyed hot flannels to the feet and hands. The good woman of the house was active in giving her assistance; and the whole party, being none of them ignorant of the means to be used, though they at first wanted the presence of mind necessary to direct exertion, continued their endeavours with alacrity, under the direction of their young instructor. Montague again adverting to the relations of his father, and recollecting the application of the bellows to the mouth and nostrils, in cases where proper instruments could not be obtained, continued to make use of them

at intervals, and within the space of two hours after the lad had been thrown on the shore, the party, who were humanely employed for his benefit, had the indescribable satisfaction of witnessing symptoms of returning life. They did not relax in their exertions, and in the space of another hour, the languishing eyes of the lad opened to the great joy of his preservers.

His first enquiry, on perceiving strangers around him, and finding himself in a warm bed, instead of tossing about on the sea, was for his father, on whom he called with a sort of agonized feeling. His recollection, however, was momentary: the powers of mental exertion were yet very weak, and he quickly reposed into a state of apathy. A little spirits and water were given him, which appeared to revive him, and after again opening his eyes, and looking round the room, he sunk into a gentle and calm sleep.

And now Barlow, who was beginning to feel very uncomfortable at the idea of his young master's having been so long exposed to the effects of wet clothing, to which he had not, like himself and his companions, been accustomed, entreated Montague to return home, saying that if he pleased he would remain with Peter, or return to him, after seeing him to the cottage.

Honest Will Bowman, however, declared he could watch on deck all night, and should not want any mate but mistress: so Montague, finding that remaining from home could no longer be of any use, complied with Barlow's request, and left the fisherman's cottage, accompanied by his faithful attendant.

As they went along the sea-shore, they spoke to the other fisherman, who had hitherto neither seen nor heard any thing of old Peter, but this honest fellow declaring, "that Peter should not be lost for want of a hand to haul him ashore, said, he should keep watch all night: so good night, your honour," added he to Montague.

"Good night, honest Jack," replied Montague, shaking him by the hand; "God grant that your humanity may find its reward in preserving the life of another fellow creature: let me hear from you the first thing in the morning, however this may turn out."

"God bless your honour," said Jack, as Montague turned away; then adding to Barlow who was a few steps behind, "the young gentleman is just rigged out, like for a sailor, with his warm heart, and his head always clear for action."

Barlow concurred heartily with this remark, and slapping his hand upon Jack's, said, "he wished that when his young master entered the navy, he might always sail with such as he."

It was three o'clock before Montague and Barlow returned to the cottage, and by this time the violence of the storm was very much abated. All was quiet in the house, and Montague, taking the precaution of rubbing himself with spirits, as soon as he had taken off his clothes, which were literally soaked through; and recommending Barlow to do the same, lay down on his pillow, with his heart beating with violent and varying emotions.

It was some time before sleep visited his eyes: but the fatigue both of body and mind he had undergone, at length surmounted the rovings of his imagination: sinking into a deep and heavy sleep, he remained in that state till a much later hour in the morning than he was accustomed to rise.

CHAP. IX.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd.

MILTON.

ON her arrival in the breakfast-parlour, Mrs. Newburgh was surprised to find that her son had not risen. She enquired for Barlow, who usually attended him in his morning walk, and learning from the other servants that he had not yet made his appearance from his chamber, went up to that of her son, to see what detained him so long in bed. The housemaid, who had been engaged all the morning in cleaning from the stairs and passage the dirt which had been brought in during the night by Montague and his companion, followed her up stairs.

"I can't think where Master Newburgh can have been, Ma'am," at length said Betty; "why I've been doing nothing since I got up, but clean off the marks of his dirty footsteps all along here," added the girl, pointing to the floor that was still wet, "and there were bigger steps than his besides, Ma'am."

"Why did not you come to me as soon as you found them," replied Mrs. Newburgh in much alarm, at the same time opening the door of her son's chamber.

"Oh! Ma'am, and only do look at his clothes," said Betty, following her mistress into the room, "why this never can be fit to wear again," added she, taking up the great coat, "and good lack, only see his stockings."

The astonishment and anxiety of Mrs. Newburgh were very great, but the immediate cause of alarm being removed by the sight of her son in bed, still wrapt in sleep, she determined not to disturb him, but suspend her curiosity till he should awake. Ordering the housemaid therefore to move quietly near Master Newburgh's chamber, she again descended the stairs, and at the door of the breakfast-parlour was met by Barlow, who had just risen.

The adventures of the night were immediately related by this faithful servant, who in speaking of his young master did not fail to represent, with all the ardent warmth of a sailor, the humanity, feeling, and presence of mind he had shewn; and adding that he never saw a little frigate so like a first rate, as Master

Montague was to the poor dear captain, concluded, with hoping he had not done wrong in going out without awaking his mistress.

Mrs. Newburgh was much affected with the account received from Barlow: a sensation of grateful thankfulness possessed her as she contemplated the opening virtues of her son, and telling her faithful servant that he always ensured her approbation, when he assisted his young master in discharging the duty of benevolence, desired him to go directly to the fisherman's cottage, and learn what had passed after he and her son returned home.

Young Peter had been awake about an hour when Barlow entered. He was perfectly sensible, and as it was impossible to conceal the fears that were entertained that his father never would be found alive, the lad on receiving the intelligence had burst into a flood of tears, and was still continuing to weep. Barlow made use of every argument he could to pacify him, and perceiving that he was in that weak state which required better nourishment than could be otained in the cottage, returned to his mistress for those comforts, which she was always willing to bestow where they were wanted.

By this time Montague was risen, and on meeting his mother, not being aware that she was acquainted with the events of the night, was prepairing to relate them with that delicate precaution he had now learnt to use, when he spoke on any subject relating to the sea. The emotion she evinced, however, on first meeting her son, and the tenderness with which she embraced him, quickly shewed that his explanations were unnecessary. He accordingly took the opportunity of representing the kindness and humanity, not only of their own servant, but of the two fishermen, and the wife of one of them, and expressed a hope that his mother would make them objects of her future benevolence. "And for poor Peter Hopkins," continued the feeling boy; "if he does not find his father, what can we do for him? for he has no mother to supply his place," added he, fixing his eyes with tender gratitude on those of Mrs. Newburgh, in which glistened the tear of maternal fondness.

"You must be a father to him, my Montague;" replied Mrs. Newburgh; "and while the sad coincidence of your situation, in one point, awakes in you that glow of tender interest for the fatherless, which those can scarcely feel, who are still blessed in the arms of paternal fondness, be thankful, my child, that the wide

difference existing between you, in regard to fortune, affords you the enviable satisfaction of wiping the tears, and making an ample provision for the necessities of the orphan, deprived by accident of his natural guide and protector."

Montague thanked his mother for this anticipation of his wishes, in regard to Peter Hopkins; and Barlow now entering gave an account of his visit to the cottage. Finding from him what necessaries were requisite, Mrs. Newburgh sent little Louisa Lenville to Mrs. Carlton with a request to that lady to allow her to remain with her during the morning, and immediately went to Will Bowman's cottage accompanied by her son and Barlow.

On going along the shore, the other fisherman approached, and addressing Montague told him that nothing had yet been seen either of the boat, or of old Peter; that the former had most probably sunk, and that the latter would not be thrown up before the next tide. Having received this information, Mrs. Newburgh proceeded to Bowman's cottage, where her presence and advice administered comfort both to the sufferer and his attendants. The surmises entertained relative to the body of old Peter Hopkins proved to be

well founded: in the evening it was thrown on the shore, but in such a state that it was useless to attempt any means for its restoration. Mrs. Newburgh undertook the expenses of the funeral, which was performed a few days after, and from that time considered the orphan son of the deceased the peculiar object of the charity of her son. It was not her design, however, that he should exercise his benevolence in any way calculated to remove the boy from the situation in life, in which he was born, but as she did not wish to confine him to a service he might have taken a dislike to, from the loss of his father, and his own hazardous escape; as he began to recover his strength, she gave him free choice of remaining in it, and ultimately accompanying her son, when he should enter the navy, or of being bound to any other trade he might have more inclination to follow.

Peter did not hesitate in making his choice, but declaring he should like to live and die with young master, accepted Mrs. Newburgh's offer of attaching himself to the service of her son. In the mean time, that he might not be exposed to the ill effects of idleness, till Montague should go to sea; Mrs. Newburgh, not requiring the assistance of another servant in the house, engaged the services of Peter gratuitously

to Will Bowman, although the lad was fed, lodged, and clothed under the roof of her own cottage.

This arrangement was of great benefit to the inhabitants of the little cottage, whose humane assistance had been so necessary to the restoration of Peter: and Mrs. Newburgh, always judicious in the exercise of her charities, considered this a more prudent method of remuneration, than that of a present in money; and the lad, who possessed a feeling and grateful heart, worked cheerfully in the service of Will Bowman. Honest Jack too, who had been equally exposed to the fury of the elements on his account, frequently shared his warm-hearted thanks, while Mrs. Newburgh did not forget to give him more substantial proofs of her generosity.

Thus was Peter Hopkins established in the Newburgh family; and Mrs. Newburgh, still constantly employed in the education of her son, for the sphere of action he was destined to fill, now gave some portion of her time to the lad, on whom she looked with no little interest, as the object of her charity, and as one who would probably become as faithful and honest a servant to her son, during his service at sea, as Barlow had ever been to her lamented husband: nor did she

think that in providing him with the necessaries of life she had completely discharged the duty she had imposed on herself. There were blessings of a higher nature, which she must bestow, if she wished to see that result from her benevolence, her humanity taught her to wish: there were good principles to be instilled, plain and direct instructions to be imparted, equally necessary to be learnt by the prince and the peasant, by the captain and the cabin-boy; and these Mrs. Newburgh made it her business to inculcate. Peter was as free from vice as most boys of his age, and ardent and zealous in his disposition, quickly became eager to observe whatever directions his mistress gave him. He had one propensity, however, which in spite of all Mrs. Newburgh's cautions, for she had more than once remarked it, Peter had not yet broken himself of. His father had fallen into that sad perversion of language, of accompanying every speech that he uttered by an oath. The son, a proof of the fatal effects of bad example, had adopted his father's method of exclamation, and notwithstanding Mrs. Newburgh's frequent expostulations, was frequently relapsing into the commission of the same fault. From the nature of the lad's situation in the family, it was natural that between him and his young master there should be frequent intercourse, and Mrs. Newburgh, besides the wish of preventing the boy

on his own account, from continuing this sad habit, was fearful of the effects it might produce on her son, who however shocked at its first introduction to his ears, might insensibly and thoughtlessly grow accustomed to its frequency, and at length fall into the same habit. Nor were her fears entirely ill-grounded: Montague was one evening sitting in his room, employed with his compasses, in preparing his morning exercises for Mr. Carlton: his attention being wavering, he did not complete the object he had in view so easily as he wished, and being still awkward in the use of his hand from the wound of the dirk, he failed several times in the formation of a figure he was much interested in making: he at length became irritated, and pettishly threw the instruments on the table, at the failure of his fourth attempt to accomplish what he was striving to perform, with the first oath that had ever contaminated his lips.

"My Montague!" exclaimed Mrs. Newburgh, who entered at the moment, while the vexation and astonishment she felt, made her totter against the table, "did my ears deceive me, or——"

A blush of consciousness overspread the countenance of her son, as he felt the full force of Mrs. Newburgh's just rebuke, and his eye falling under that of his

mother, on whom he looked round as she entered the room, he dropped his head on the table.

Mrs. Newburgh gently approached the spot where her son was sitting, and drawing a chair close to his, sat down by him, and placing her hand on his shoulder, spoke to him in a calm and affectionate manner. "Of what use is it, my dear child, that from your very infancy, I endeavour to instil into you a reverence for those precepts, by which our conduct in life is to be regulated, if you are so easily diverted from their practice, and allow yourself to be led from your duty by the example of an inferior, whose language you have frequently heard me disapprove, and whom I have as frequently directed to look up to you as a pattern, in the freedom he is to give his tongue. I would not justify the practice of swearing in any one; but I cannot forbear saying, that it is more defensible in this poor lad, much more so, than in you. His father, I understand, was addicted to it, in a most notorious degree; your father, my dear boy," while a tear started into the eye of Mrs. Newburgh at the recollection, and those of her son fell fast on the sleeve of his coat; "your father was so careful to avoid it, that during the fourteen years we lived together, I do not recollect ever to have heard him so far forget himself, as to

make use of the most trifling oath. Again, this poor lad has been brought up in a state of almost total ignorance of his dependance on a Maker, and of the existence of those rules of christianity, by which we are to learn our duty. You, my child, have been encouraged from your cradle in the exercise of every virtue, and taught to hold in just abhorrence a propensity to vice and irreligion. Remember that this lad is now an object of your charity; he is a dependant on you for advancement in life, and he will naturally look up to you, not only for the advantages likely to result from your future patronage, but will naturally form his ideas of morality from the example you set him. To speak of no other motive then for your circumspection, will you so far change situations with this youth, as to stoop and learn of him those vicious inclinations he may have acquired, instead of his taking from you that purity of language, I have been at such pains, and your father was at such pains, to excite in you, my Montague? I am willing to believe this is the first, and will be the last time, my dear boy, that you will so far forget yourself, both as a gentleman and a christian. But while I am speaking on the subject, let me once more caution you, against ever being tempted to fall into a practice, so utterly indefensible, and which possesses no excuse, even in the gratification it affords. You are

destined for the navy, my child, and there are, I know, some persons, who, in this profession, thoughtlessly defend the practice, as necessary to inforce order amongst the seamen, and as impossible to be prevented, through the whole crew. Let me caution you against falling into this dangerous error, and as a proof in point of the fallacy of this argument, I can assure you, my beloved child, and I possess the information from one of the ablest and most courageous officers in the service, that an oath was rarely heard in the crew, over which your father commanded, and was never allowed to pass unnoticed, when it did occur; but the same gentleman has informed me, and his country bears testimony to the assertion, that the greatest order and regularity always prevailed amongst the men whom your father commanded, and the utmost cordiality and friendship amongst the officers. In fact, remember this remark of your father for I know it has been made with effect to many a midshipman, just entering the navy—"When I read the simple sentence of "Swear not at all," I see no limitation in favour of him who wears a blue coat; nor is there any passage in the bible which says that the anchor on the button, is an exemption to him who wears it, from observing the commandment which directs, that we are not to take the name of God in vain."

Montague listened respectfully to his mother, the whole time she was speaking; and heartily repenting of the fault he had unwarily fallen into, and for the momentary passion that had occasioned it, thanked her for her admonition, and assured her he was convinced that he never should offend in the same point.

Mrs. Newburgh replied that his own feelings of contrition were sufficient punishment for the fault he had committed; and again urging him to caution, both on his own account, and on that of his dependant, left him to compose himself. She spoke with some severity to the lad upon the propensity she found he still indulged; and telling him that it would be impossible for her to keep him in her house, unless he would attend to her instructions, said, that if he continued his practice of swearing she must be compelled to send him away.

Observing afterwards that a degree of sadness still hung about her son, and judging that he was uneasy at having incurred her displeasure, to recover his cheerfulness, she kindly took his hand which had been interposed to save her own bosom from the point of the dirk. "Well, my Montague, you will still have two hands to enter the navy with. You have almost recovered the use of this; have you not?" added she,

gently removing the bandage which still confined it. "Apropos! of losing hands; it was his right, that the brave Nelson lost off Cape St. Vincent, was it not?"

"Yes, mamma, when he was only a commodore," replied Montague, "shall I read you the account of the action?" His mother assented, and the interest of the recital soon banished all remains of sadness from our young sailor.

CHAP. X.

To thee the young for learning bend,
The poor have mark'd thee for their friend;
And ev'ry grief to thee appeals,
Which pity soothes, or bounty heals.

SMYTH.

THE winter was now rapidly sliding away, and Mrs. Newburgh had derived all the comfort and consolation she expected from the employments, in which she had been engaged during its continuance. Still cherishing in her bosom the remembrance of him, whose tenderness had been her first blessing during the period of fourteen years, and whose loss was a wound to her happiness, which nothing but a principle of christianity could have healed, she could now think with tranquillity both on the happiness she had enjoyed, and the comfort she had lost; sincerely thankful for the former, and calmly resigned to the latter. Her son, in whom her best hopes of earthly bliss were now concentred, and in whom she anticipated the satisfaction of seeing all the private virtues, as well as the professional character of his father renewed, promised amply to repay the de-

votion of her time to his instruction. For Montague, looking back on the memory of his father with veneration, and forward to the time when he should begin to tread in his profession, with all the ardour of youthful spirit and bravery, repaid the care of his mother by a cheerful acquiescence in her wishes, and a close application to those pursuits she pointed out to him; while the hope of supplying in her affections, by his warm and grateful attachment, the loss she had sustained in the death of his father, stimulated every exertion, and animated his open countenance with the warmest glow of filial fondness.

The progress, which he made both in elegant literature and in the studies more immediately relating to his profession, was rapid, while the lapse of every month witnessed the growth of those manly virtues, which springing from the source of natural inheritance had budded under her watchful hand who gave them birth, and were gradually arriving at that maturity to be attained only by constant and unremitting care.

Nor was her son the only object, from whose instruction our amiable widow had derived consolation during the progress of this winter. Although his welfare and happiness were her first care, and more

closely interwoven round her heart than any other earthly objects, her views were not so selfish as to allow no consideration for others On the contrary, her hand and heart were open to all; and in the small vicinity in which she now resided, as had always been the case when moving in a larger sphere, there was not an individual, of whatever rank, whose heart did not own the feelings of gratitude and attachment towards her, and feel an interest in her situation.

But those, who more immediately shared her attention, besides her son, were the two younger inhabitants of the cottage; one, a child of fortune, the other, the object of her charity. On the latter she bestowed that regular and judicious attention, calculated to improve him into an useful member of society, a brave and loyal seamen, and a good christian, an humble follower of the blessed Jesus. She herself taught him to read and to write, and made him a tolerable proficient in arithmetic. The abilities of the lad were not particularly good, but they were sufficient for the attainment of instruction expedient for him to acquire; and Mrs. Newburgh had no wish that he should learn any thing farther

To Louisa Lenville, although only an occasional visitor, Mrs. Newburgh gave constant and close atten-

tion, and during the six months she remained with her, was of that advantage to her, which no attachment on the part of the child could be too great to repay. From a spoiled, fractious girl, she made her submissive, gentle, and tractable, not breaking her spirit by violent and injudicious correction, but taming it by the influence of tender and affectionate management. Instead of allowing her to run wild the whole day, and exercise her lively imagination in every species of mischief and idleness, she brought her by degrees to regular application and constant employment, and so judiciously blended amusement with instruction, that the child, who used to be wishing for dinner time before noon, and for bed-time before sunset, now never found a moment of her time hang heavily upon her hands. She was constantly cheerful, lively, and active, but never rude, boisterous or uncivil.

On the return of the spring, Mrs. Newburgh did not forget the promise made to her son of enjoying those excursions on the water, he had been looking forward to with so much pleasure during the winter, and as the boat of Will Bowman, his own services, and those of Peter Hopkins, were always at the command of Madam and young master, whenever they liked to have a sail, a week seldom passed, when the weather was fine,

without Montague being indulged in his favourite amusement. The lively and now pleasant and tractable Louisa enjoyed the freshness of the water-breezes, and either Mr. or Mrs. Carlton, and sometimes both of them, added the pleasure of their company to the little party. The latter, with her sweet and pensive voice, would frequently increase the soothing calm of the water-scene; while Mrs. Newburgh now and then repaid the exertions of her friend to amuse their young companions, by the exercise of her fuller and more refined melody. She had in the days of her gaiety been remarkable for her execution on the harp and the piano forte, while the crowded assembly had often been delighted by the chaste and easy expression, with which her voice had accompanied these instruments: but she had felt little inclination to exercise her musical powers since her residence in the island: for indeed she had scarcely opened her piano forte.

Captain Newburgh had himself been fond of music without having been a performer; and the same taste displaying itself in Montague, with the correctness of his mother's ear, Mrs Newburgh was very willing to encourage a wish he had formed of learning the flute. For being aware of the many idle hours likely to be passed at sea, if not adapted to some subordinate em-

ployment, and dreading their effects, as opening a temptation to the dice box and the card table, she thought it would be a resource to him, alternately with the literary taste she formed great hopes of his acquiring. The flute was therefore occasionally the companion of these water-parties; for Mr. Carlton, having acquired some degree of skill on that instrument, frequently accompanied the voice of his wife, and gave his young favourite Montague some instructions in blowing it. At other times, when his mother was not inclined to take a sail, or the weather was not sufficiently calm for her, Montague, attended by Barlow, accompanied the fisherman and Peter in the progress of their employments; for Mrs. Newburgh wished that her son should feel himself qnite at home on the element, on which he was destined to pass the greater part of his life; and was never better pleased than when she watched the skill he was acquiring in the management of the sail or the rudder, or his address in exercising his boyish strength at the oar. It is true, she would sometimes feel an anxious throb, when the rising waves, or the whistling winds gave indication of a storm, while her young sailor was on the water. But the pleasure, with which she received him on his return, as he jumped nimbly on the shore with his face glowing with health and his brisk eye sparkling with joy on her

approach, amply compensated for her momentary fears, and filled her heart with feelings of gratitude to the merciful Being, who in depriving her of one earthly blessing had left her another, whose growing virtues lessened every hour the sense of her affliction: and if a sigh of regret would accompany these feelings, that the father of her son was not a sharer in these pleasing emotions of parental fondness, it was a tribute due to the remembrance of conjugal faith and affection, not the distrustful murmur against the ways of Providence.

CHAP. XI.

Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th' all wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

LYTTLETON.

THE month of April was remarkably fine this year, about the middle of which Montague entered his twelfth year. Mrs. Newburgh desirous of giving him every gratification in her power allowed him the choice of any amusement, to celebrate the anniversary of his birth. She had no doubt of the water being included in the arrangements for the day, and was not a little surprised at his wishes being confined to an excursion to Brook Down, which lay within a few miles of their residence. She expected also, that his friends the Carltons would have been included, in whatever plan was formed: but her proposal that they should be of the party was gently objected to; and as Mrs. Newburgh wished to be no impediment to her son's gratification, she did not

again mention the subject. The carriage was ordered at an early hour after breakfast, when Mrs. Newburgh with her son and Louisa entered it, and immediately proceeded to the Down. The day was unusually fine, the atmosphere was cloudless, and a fresh breeze swept over the summit of the hills. The party left the carriage to enjoy the surrounding view of nature in her sublime garb, and the young people frequently quitted the side of Mrs. Newburgh to ramble over the Down and climb the steepest parts in search of vegetable curiosities.

"Are not these tumuli, mamma?" asked Montague, pointing to several mounds of turf they were passing over; "they are very like those you once shewed me on Salisbury Plain."

"They certainly appear very like them," answered Mrs. Newburgh, "but I never knew them noticed in any account of the island; therefore I should be more inclined to think, they are merely some natural roughnesses in the soil."

"What are tumuli, Mrs Newburgh?" enquired Louisa, "I have never heard of them before?"

"Tumulus is a Latin word," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "the English of which is a hillock, also a grave, or sepulchre. There are large numbers of them to be found on Salisbury Plain, of which Montague was speaking, and they indicate the burying places of the ancient inhabitants of the country. Many of them have been opened by the curious, and discovered to contain skeletons of the human form; urns filled with bones, and many glass beads and other ornaments which it was the practice of the ancients to bury with their dead."

"Very curious indeed," said Louisa, "how very much I should like to see one opened, for I wish to know and see every thing, that was done so many years ago. Do let us come up here with Barlow and John, Madam, and allow them to open one of these heaps of earth."

"Well said, little antiquarian," good humouredly replied Mrs. Newburgh, "and who is to give us leave to begin our operations? besides my dear child, as I before told Montague, I am very much inclined to think that the heaps we are now sitting on are not any thing of the sort of which you are desirous of learning

the contents: therefore they would not pay us for the pains of exploring."

Away tripped Louisa again to the brow of the hill, the steepest part of which Montague, who had left his mother's side a few minutes before, was now beginning to descend.

"This will not do for me, Montague, will it?" asked Louisa, disappointed at not being able to follow her play-fellow.

"No, you cannot get down here," replied Montague; at the same time seating himself on the turf he was at the bottom in a few moments.

He quickly re-ascended however, and brought with him a mettallic substance, which he gave to Louisa, in remembrance of their ramble on Brook Down. She presented to him in return a beautifully veined pebble, when the young friends returned to Mrs. Newburgh, who said it was approaching four o'clock. Montague was now dispatched to the servants, who were waiting with the carriage at a little distance, to say that his mother was ready to return; and the horses being quickly turned towards the Undercliff Cottage, the

party soon arrived at their retreat, much pleased with the excursion of the morning. The evening continued fine and beautiful; and after dinner, Mrs Newburgh proposed a walk on the sea-shore. Louisa's straw-bonnet was quickly adjusted, but Montague hesitated as he fetched his hat. He looked with an enquiring eye on his mother's countenance, on which had been overspread a shade of pensiveness during the day, and as he opened the gate at the bottom of the shrubbery, asked her if she should not prefer a walk to Mr. Carlton's?

"Why, my dear boy," asked Mrs. Newburgh, feeling slightly dissatisfied with her son, "have you quite given up the sea then? This morning when I thought you would have been delighted with a sail, you declined it to ramble on the Down, whence you could only have a distant view of it; and now, when I propose the enjoyment of its fresh breezes, while the moon is sparkling on its rippling surface, you seem rather to avoid, than accept the pleasure I thought I was offering you."

"Ah! my dear mother," replied Montague, hurt at her entertaining even a distant idea of his taste for the sea diminishing, or becoming less ardent; "indeed I am as fond of the water as ever; but to day," added he,

pressing with tenderness the hand of his mother, which was drawn within his arm; "to-day, I thought *you* had better think on another subject, than that which must awaken, above all others, the remembrance——"

Montague's voice was here choked by tears, and some moments elapsed before his mother could thank him for that delicate mark of his attention to her feelings, she had been attributing to a much less interesting occasion. The truth was, this very day was the anniversary of one, which in the preceding year had been rendered particularly happy by the presence of Captain Newburgh. He had accompanied his wife and son on an excursion up the river Thames, when surrounded by a numerous circle of friends he had been the life of the party, and the delight and happiness of the two objects so nearly connected with him. A few days after, his ship having been put into commission, when he took leave of his family on her sailing, it was his last adieu.

"And have you really been studying my feelings to-day, my dear fellow, instead of your own amusement?" at length said Mrs. Newburgh, looking affectionately at her son.

"And my own too, my dear mother indeed;" replied Montague; "*I* should not have enjoyed the water to-day, and I did not think you would: so as I knew Louisa was very fond of running up and down hills, I thought we might as well give the day to an excursion tc Brook Down."

"To the sea, or to Mr. Carlton's," now enquired Louisa looking back, for she had gone on before her companions, and had arrived at the foot-path which led to the house of the latter.

Montague looked at his mother: "which you please," she replied to his enquiring eye; and he thinking such was her wish answered Louisa;

"To the sea."

Louisa ran on, but quickly returning, as she caught the view of the open sea on leaving the copse, exclaimed in a tone of delight,

"How very beautiful the sea looks this evening! I hope the tide is coming up that we may watch it over our favourite stone, Montague."

"No, it is just ebbing," replied Montague, as they approached the sea-shore; and as the wind blows off shore, it will go down very fast."

"Where does the water go to when it leaves us," asked Louisa; "I suppose to the people on the opposite side, and it is high water with them, when we have our fine dry sands?"

"You are mistaken," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "it is not as you suppose; but I fear I should only puzzle you, were I to attempt to explain to you, that the ebbing and flowing of the tides are occasioned by the influence of the sun and the moon on the waters. Let therefore these secondary causes of the constant amusement, which we derive from watching the receding and returning of the sea, be deferred till you are a little more advanced in the study of astronomy: for the present, my dear girl, let us be satisfied with admiring that beautiful contrivance of Almighty wisdom, which keeps the immense extent of the ocean in perpetual and regular motion, and by that means prevents its injuring the world, which it must do if it were allowed to be always stagnant."

"I do love the sea," replied the lively girl, "there is always something new to amuse one in it. I could

almost wish I was a boy, that I might go to sea with Montague."

"You are a curious little girl, truly," replied Mrs. Newburgh, putting her arm round her neck, and kindly kissing her; this morning you were for turning antiquarian; now, you are for putting on the sailor's jacket, and to-morrow I suppose you will be very, very anxious to turn something else."

"Since you have taken this vast fancy for the sea," said Montague archly; "I wonder you do not fix on that subject for the extracts you talked of writing a few weeks since Louisa. I shall soon expect some amusement from you in that way, I assure you."

Louisa blushed and hung down her head, conscious that she did sometimes make resolutions, the execution of which did not immediately follow. This was the case at present; for seeing the pleasure it afforded Montague to select his accounts of naval engagements, and the satisfaction a reference to them frequently proved to her friend Mrs. Newburgh, she had requested to be allowed to do the same: Mrs. Newburgh had willingly given her consent to the plan; but the little

girl had been diverted from her intention, and had not yet taken advantage of the permission.

"Well Louisa" said Mrs. Newburgh, "what do you think of Montague's plan? while he confines himself to the works of art which float on the watery element, together with his naval engagements in making his extracts, will you take the range which nature affords in the bosom of the ocean as your subjects?"

"Oh yes, dear Mrs. Newburgh," replied Louisa, "and do you tell me from what books to write?"

"Oh no," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "you must select for yourself, unless you can prevail on Montague to assist you: however, for a beginning I will recommend you to take Bishop Horne's considerations on the art of navigation. The subject is perhaps more particularly adapted for Montague, but as I think it is so generally applicable to a proper reflection on the wonders of the sea, it cannot but be proper as a beginning to your manuscript."

Montague readily promised his assistance to his young friend, and Louisa thanked Mrs. Newburgh

for the extract she promised to point out as a commencement; and in the evening, while Montague was engaged in a similar manner, began her new employment.

CHAP. XII.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the ripening mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain,
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r!

LANGHORNE.

THE delightful months of the spring thus passed speedily away, and the summer followed bringing in its train all the natural beauties of the season, with the satisfaction to Mrs. Newburgh of again enjoying the society of her friend Mrs. Lenville; to Montague the pleasure of sharing all his sports with William and Manners Lenville, and to Louisa the delight of again embracing, and of again sharing the embraces of her doating father and mother. But what a change for Mr. and Mrs. Lenville to witness in the character of their little girl! Grown and improved in person and figure, she with the first glance called forth encreasing

expressions of fondness from both her parents. But when, in the course of the first very few hours, they observed the more wonderful change, which had been wrought in her manners, the heart of Mrs. Lenville, irresolute in action, but not insensible to feeling, acknowledged the debt she owed her friend; while even Mr. Lenville could not but perceive the advantage, and feel the comfort of the amendment. His child was still lovely, intelligent, and lively; but not overbearing and petulant: she had still all the quickness of native genius, and the rapid turn of thought, proceeding from a lively imagination; but the former never allowed her to contradict her father in his assertions, nor the latter tempt her rudely to interrupt him when he was speaking. They were only tacit thanks, however, which Mrs. Newburgh obtained from the father of her little god-daughter for the pains she had bestowed on her instruction. But these were quite sufficient; for she had instructed Louisa with the intention of doing her a service, not acquiring merit to herself; and the consequences were too evident not to convey a sensation of comfort to her bosom. Her only fear now was from the effects of her father's renewed indulgence; but as the child was so attached to her, that she never passed a day without paying her a visit, and as Mrs. Lenville had the good sense to encourage their frequency, she

hoped, more than she dreaded, from the probable event, and as she very soon gained the consent of Mrs. Lenville to allow Louisa to pass the next winter with her, she ventured to hope, although she did not mention the subject to Mr. Lenville, that she should give the same attention to her again, which had been so much her comfort before.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenville were equally struck with the growth and improvement of Montague Newburgh, as they were with those of their own little girl. Indeed they were not less visible although in justice to Montague it must be allowed, that in him there had been none of those failings to correct, which had occasioned some little care and circumspection in regard to Louisa; but the changes in him were both pleasing and striking. His figure was increased in height and size, his countenance was more manly and healthful, and his eye from the soft expression of the child was changing to the brighter animation of the spirited boy.

William and Manners Lenville were of dispositions very different from each other. A mildness of manner unusually engaging characterized the former, with a sweetness of disposition which rendered him a general and deserved favourite; and this was accompanied

with a strength of intellect and firmness of mind, which promised in him the maturity of every noble and generous feeling. Manners, on the contrary, had no steadiness, but was impetuous in the extreme; always guided by the favourite feeling or passion of the moment, and never hesitating to indulge any propensity which promised a temporary gratification. As was before observed, they were both designed for the army; yet William could not forbear wishing that some alteration might take place in this arrangement. Although he certainly did not want personal courage, he was far from anticipating pleasure in the changing life of a soldier; but would rather have been prepared for orders; because his clear judgment and remarkable decision of character particularly inclined him to prove an ornament to that profession.

As Mrs. Newburgh with a watchful eye of discrimination quickly investigated the characters of the two youths, whose introduction at home for the vacation opened an opportunity for a close intimacy with the dear object of her own maternal fondness, the observations she made were such as to occasion a more than usual attention to the tastes and pursuits of her son. She had educated him with the best principles; but she was too well acquainted with human nature, not to

be aware that at the early age of eleven years, with a quick fancy and lively feelings, the heart is frequently estranged, and the judgment blinded by false appearances The easy manners and captivating spirits of Manners Lenville, gave him, with boys of his own age, a decided superiority, and excited on a first acquaintance the admiration and adulation of most of his companions; and if this did not continue, when they discovered the tyranny of his disposition, and his absolute contempt both of the discipline of his superiors, and the good opinion of themselves, they feared his ridicule, or dreaded his resentment too much to leave his society.

Mrs. Newburgh not wishing to indulge a suspicious disposition in her son, was careful of giving her opinion to Montague on the characters of his young companions; but cautioning him generally in his diversions with them not to allow his spirits to carry him beyond propriety, exacted a promise from him never to join them or any other friends, without mentioning to her whither he was going, and with whom. Montague, grateful for his mother's constant study for his gratification, willingly made the desired promise; and his word once passed, was too sacred to be broken.

The residence of the young Lenvilles in the vicinity of Mrs. Newburgh's cottage was a constant source of amusement to her son, who had only wanted the addition of companions of his own age, to render him completely happy. His diversions were now frequently varied by their society, and the three lads, however different in their dispositions, pursued their amusements for some time uninterrupted by any little difference or disagreement.

CHAP. XIII.

To be good is to be happy.
ROWE.



SOON after his arrival in the island, Mr. Lenville purchased a boat which was for sale in the neighbourhood, and in this he frequently went on the water, accompanied by his own family, and by Mrs Newburgh and her son, or by Mr. and Mrs. Carlton. He, however, himself understood very little of the management of his little vessel, and therefore generally engaged the services of the fisherman, Jack Lewis. Jack was not always able to leave his own boat, and his own occupation, and at these times, Mr Lenville, who was never willing to have his wishes controlled, ventured to sea without him, little aware that almost all the accidents which arise from water excursions, proceed from want of skill or knowledge in the persons directing the management of the sails and rudder. It was on one of these occasions that passing one morning by Mrs. Newburgh's grounds, on his way to the water, accompanied by his two sons and his little girl, that

Mr. Lenville, perceiving Montague through the shrubs, dispatched his sons to invite him to join the party.

"There is a delightful side wind round to the Needles," said Manners, "it will be famous sailing this morning, and we shall want you at the helm, Newburgh, for we cannot have the man, and *we* are none of us very good pilots; will you go? Come on, our party will be nothing without you."

"Do come with us Montague," whispered his little favourite, Louisa, who had now entered the shrubbery, and taken hold of his hand.

William, who was a few paces behind, said nothing, but his countenance expressed how much he wished for so agreeable an addition to the party.

The sail to the Needles of itself, was sufficient to excite a glow of pleasure in the cheek of Montague: the idea of being looked on as the pilot of the party, gratified a conscious feeling of capability, and when the entreaties of a group of friends, so warmly seconded all these incitements to join the party, it cannot be wondered that on the first impulse of the moment he readily agreed to accompany them, and instantly put-

ting the Horace he was studying in his pocket, was turning to inform his mother whither he was going.

But the very first step towards the house brought to his recollection that his mother was not at home. She had left the cottage about an hour accompanied by Barlow, and contrary to her usual custom, had not told her son whither she was going, but merely that she should be absent two or three hours. It was useless to go in search of her, and Montague valued his word too much, to hesitate in giving up the pleasure of joining his friends.

Yet he felt severely disappointed as he returned to them, and informed them it was out of his power to go with them, not having recollected, when he first gave his assent, that his mother was from home.

"But what in the world has your mother's being from home to do with your going on the water," hastily enquired Manners, visibly angry at the disappointment, "why, cannot you go out man, without asking mamma's leave," added he, contemptuously and unguardedly alluding to the practice which he knew existed of Montague's always mentioning to his mother whither and with whom he went out. He had never till this

moment ventured any raillery on the subject, for as the well known courage of Montague's character was proof against any ironical charge of mean-spiritedness, and as he was anxious to preserve his good opinion, he had always been guarded not to express, before his friend, the contempt he himself felt for every species of control.

Montague was both hurt and astonished at the contemptuous sneer, which appeared in the countenance of Manners Lenville; but far from feeling the shame which his friend's speech was designed to occasion, at being subject to the wishes of his mother, or tempted to break his promised word, the irritable speech of Manners reconciled him to his disappointment, and a sensation of honest resentment animated his countenance, as he thus replied:

"I certainly never *shall* go out without her leave Manners, for she has particularly requested I would not, and I am surprised that you should wish me to do so," added he, turning away from the gate of the shrubbery, while he cast a look of reproof at his friend.

"Well you may be offended if you please;" replied Manners, with some warmth, "I do not care for the

anger of a boy who has not spirit enough to break through the confinement of his mother's apron string! Why, what a pretty fellow you will be by and bye, when you get on the quarter deck. Is mama to go with you pray to see you do not tumble over-board, when the ship heaves? or is that boy of your's Peter Hopkins always to guard your precious life?"

Montague had returned to listen to this speech of Manners, uttered with all the confidence of resolute defiance, and terminated by a burst of loud and contemptuous laughter. It was meant to shake the resolution and change the purpose of him to whom it was addressed, for Manners Lenville had seldom found any to withstand the torrent of his ridicule.

But Montague had a spirit equally lofty with his own, and as well calculated to resist ridicule as his was to employ it. It mounted with the attack it received, and, conscious of the superiority of his own feelings to those, which animated the countenance of his friend, he quickly replied:

"If you knew my mother, Manners, you would not do her so much injustice, as to doubt the courage of

her son; and if I had known you, I never should have subjected myself to the insult you have just offered me."

Thus saying, he hastily turned towards the house, while Manners hallowed after him in a provoking tone of voice; "well done, master courage, get behind the wall, and do not fear the enemy from without. Bravo, bravissimo!—come along William," added he to his brother, who had been standing a silent auditor of the conversation that had passed between the two boys; then tapping him smartly on the shoulder, "my father will be waiting for us."

William whose eyes had followed Montague through the shrubbery, while his heart felt all the approbation of his conduct, which his tongue could not express, immediately attended the summons of his brother. But Louisa, whose eyes were swimming in tears at her brother Manners's rudeness to Montague, could not make up her mind to leave him, without offering the compensation of her own good-humour to her favourite. She, therefore, darted through the gate of the shrubbery, and quickly coming up with Montague, took hold of his arm and said she should stay with him, since he could not go with them:

"No, love, no," replied Montague, his countenance changing into affectionate tenderness, for the considerate attention of his little friend; "run after Mr. Lenville, there is a good girl; I have my lessons to prepare for Mr. Carlton, and shall be very well amused. "Run, run," added he cheerfully, "the breeze freshens, and your little vessel is just putting up her main-sail."

Louisa, satisfied at seeing a smile again on the countenance of her friend, and really anxious to be on the water, shook the hand of Montague, and kissing her own as she turned out of sight, tripped lightly after her brothers, who had just reached Mr. Lenville.

That gentleman immediately enquired of his sons for their young friend Newburgh, and but too feelingly knowing the inconvenience of taking off every restriction from his own son, secretly applauded the motive which prevented his joining the party; but too much under his dominion to utter his sentiments, he only answered to Manners's declaration, that he would not give a fig for such a spirit as Montague Newburgh's, by begging him to take his place at the helm. His son, however, chose rather to be employed in the management of the sails, and as his father made a point of never disputing with him, Mr. Lenville took the tiller himself.

As soon as the party was set off, Montague although vexed at discovering in his friend a disposition, which he little suspected him of possessing, set himself quietly to his various occupations. He prepared his lessons for Mr. Carlton and for his mother, and then seating himself in his own little room, where he could occasionally with the assistance of the telescope follow his friends with his eye, he amused himself with transcribing the account of the victory, gained by the immortal Nelson over the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir.

CHAP. XIV.

When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew,
And to the surge consign'd the little crew.

ROGERS.

MONTAGUE having finished his extract, again turned his eye to the glass to see if the little boat, in which the Lenvilles had gone out, was yet returned into sight. He was anxious for its re-appearance, for he was perfectly aware how little it was calculated, under its present management, to stand any rough weather, and he plainly perceived in looking over the sea that the wind was likely to blow in squalls, one of the greatest trials for such a little cockle-shell.

It was not long before he discovered the object of his solicitude, in which as it approached he soon recognised each individual on board; and as the boat appeared to labour in the sea, which was swelling around her, his heart beat with alarm for the safety of those she was bearing over the waves. A sudden puff came, which threatened to upset the crazy bark: she however stemmed it safely, and Mr. Lenville, aware of

the threatened danger and conscious of his own want of skill, loosened the main sheet which he held in his hand, and motioned to his son William who sat next him, to assist his brother in furling the sail, and then take out the oars. William jumped up to execute his father's orders, but Manners seeing that the sea was again calm, and obstinately determined to keep up the sail in spite of all opposition, caught the sheet himself, and hauled it even closer than it was before. Mr. Lenville could not leave his station at the helm, or he would, for the first time in his life, have contested the opinion of his son: but all he could do, as he had no power over the main-sail, was to take in the mizen. This he did; but the canvass, which it carried, did not affect the boat sufficiently to lessen its danger. Another squall, more violent than the last, came across the water; it overfilled the sails with its power, and in a moment the little boat was upset in the water.

How, in this moment, did Mr. Lenville bitterly feel the resolute obstinacy of his son's disposition. But it was no time for reflection; he caught his little girl in his arms, and clinging to the boat, which was yet floating on the water, he raised his swimming eyes to heaven. Manners could not swim, and would have immediately sunk, but that the arms of his brother

supported him, and they also clung to the boat, with which, in all human probability, they would in the course of a short time sink for ever.

But Providence had directed otherwise. Montague employed in watching the movements of the party in Mr. Lenville's boat, felt his heart sink as he witnessed the dreadful catastrophe. The first moment of surprise being over, he hesitated not on the part he should take for their relief. He waited not the return of his mother now to sanction his leaving the house, but quickly ran down to the sea-shore, hoping to meet with one of the neighbouring fishermen, who might immediately put off to the relief of the party in distress At the same instant Peter Hopkins ran his boat on shore, having just returned with fish from his daily occupation. He was busily engaged in fastening his boat to the shore, and saw neither the accident which had happened at sea, nor the approach of his young master, who came running breathless towards him.

Montague immediately jumped into the boat, and hastily directing Peter to untie the rope he was fastening, put off from the shore, and pointing to his companion to take one oar, immediately began to pull hard with the other.

The lad, attached both by interest and affection to his young master, hesitated not to comply with his directions, though he was at a loss to guess at the agitation he saw in his countenance. In a few words Montague made known to him the accident that had happened, after which not a word more past, excepting that Peter, fearful that the exertions he made would be too much for his companion, begged that he might be allowed to take both oars.

Montague, however, would not relinquish the one he pulled, and the two lads continued, against wind and tide, to make their way through the swelling waves; while the best feelings of humanity united their hearts and actuated their exertions.

The accident happened but a short distance from the shore, but the tide ran so strongly against our young rowers, that it was a quarter of an hour before they were enabled to lend any assistance to the unfortunate sufferers; their exertions however were unabated, and at length reaching the spot, they instantly dropped their oars, and in a few moments had the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing the whole party in safety around them. Exhausted by the danger and distress they had encountered, and benumbed by the cold they suffered

from remaining so long exposed to the wet, the whole party took their places with silence in the boat, and were in a few minutes safely landed on the shore.

The intelligence of the danger in which Mr. Lenville's party had been seen, with that of young Newburgh's having put off a boat for their relief, had reached Mrs. Lenville some time before their safe arrival, and she had been anxiously pacing the shore with Mrs. Newburgh, who returned home soon after the departure of her son, while the servants of both families, with many of the surrounding cottagers joined in watching and wishing for the event.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Mrs Lenville, thus receiving into her arms the objects of her affection, after the danger to which they had been exposed. She alternately embraced each individual sharer of her affection, and with the warmest expressions of gratitude thanked her young friend, who by the blessing of Providence had been so instrumental to the preservation of her family. In the mean time Mrs. Newburgh, listening with delighted fondness to the account of her son's exertions, pressed him tenderly in her arms, while a sigh of tender regret for his father was quickly followed by a glow of gratitude to the

Power, who watched over the increasing virtues of this dear pledge of her husband's love.

Nor was the cheerful alacrity, with which Peter Hopkins strove with his young master, forgotten in the interesting feelings of the moment, but his honest heart received more satisfaction from the consideration of having served his fellow creatures, than from all the favours lavished on him by the family he had so ably assisted to preserve.

CHAP. XV.

——————Must I surely die?
Be robb'd at once of health, of strength, of time,
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's prime?

MRS. H. MOORE.

ON arriving at Mr. Lenville's, every precaution that care and tenderness could suggest was taken to avert the consequences likely to arise from so long an exposure to wet, and the anxiety of mind inseparable from such a situation; and it was attended with the desired success in every instance, but in that of the unfortunate occasion of the accident. Although the same plan was adopted with him, as had been used for the rest of the party, he was seized with violent shivering fits, which were followed by such an alarming height of fever, that to the anxious eyes which surrounded him he appeared to be in very great danger. The best medical assistance that could be procured, was instantly obtained, and his brother William, who usually occupied another bed in the same room with Manners, was removed into that of his sister, Mrs. Newburgh having requested that from the smallness of

the cottage, Louisa should reside with her during the illness of her brother.

Two whole days elapsed before Mr. Bolton, who was the surgeon called in, would venture to pronounce his patient out of danger; and during that time Montague Newburgh scarcely moved from the bed-side of his friend. Far from feeling any remains of anger at the affront he had received from him, he looked on him with increasing tenderness, and from his expressions of contrition at the obstinacy of his disposition, between the paroxysms of his delirium, he endeavoured to soften and soothe his irritated feelings, while the delight he felt at the change in his sentiments was only counterbalanced by the fear that he would never live to give proofs that he fully saw the ill effects of unrestrained inclination. His fears, however, at the end of the third day, with those of the anxious father and mother, and no less anxious brother and sister of his friend, were relieved; when Mr. Bolton assured the group, collected round the bed of his patient, that no farther alarm need be felt, and that the extreme debility remaining would gradually subside with care and good nursing.

Being relieved by this information, and solicited by his mother to attend her home in the evening, Montague

bade adieu to his friend, for the first time since the accident which had reconciled them after the first disagreement they had ever had. Manners pressed with warmth the hand of Montague, telling him, if when he was quite well he should ever be inclined to be guilty of disobedience to his parents, or to express contempt for their authority, to remind him of what had passed during the last three days. Montague replied, that he was sure he never should have occasion to make such an allusion, and returning the pressure of his friend's hand bade him a good night. The gratitude and admiration of both Mr. and Mrs. Lenville followed him from the house, the eyes of William bore testimony to his silent feelings, while little Louisa who took Mrs. Newburgh's hand, as Montague gave his mother his arm, declared that she should always love Montague as well as either of her brothers.

Then, always happy of an opportunity to catch a merry thought she added, laughing through her tears;

"I would have thanked you more heartily, though, Montague, if you could but have saved me without losing my string of coral; for do you know that in helping me into the boat, you caught hold of them, and the string burst, and they all went to the bottom."

"I do remember it, now you mention it," replied Montague, "though I doubt if I ever should have thought of it again had you not. Well, it is not of much consequence; they are only returned to their own element; and as you are now safe in yours, you should not regret that they are equally fortunate with yourself."

"How do you mean, returned to their element? Do coral beads come out of the sea?" enquired Louisa.

"Why do *you* Louisa pretend," with good-humour asked Montague, "to collect extracts on the natural curiosities of the sea, and have not yet discovered that the pretty ornament you wear round your neck is one of them?"

"You are always reminding me of my idleness," replied Louisa, "but now I think it will be but civil to give me some account of it."

"Very just, Louisa," said Mrs. Newburgh. "It will be a nice employment for the remaining part of the evening, Montague, to seek some account of this beautiful marine production for her to insert in her book of extracts."

Montague agreed to the proposal with great alacrity, and after studying, with the assistance of his mother, the opinions of many different naturalists on the subject, supplied his young friend with an account, with which she became much interested as she inserted it in her manuscript.

When Louisa had finished the extract, she said: "thank you for a very entertaining account, Montague; but I cannot now understand how the coral is taken out of the sea, since it is so firmly fastened to the bottom."

"Go on picking these sea weeds then," replied Montague, "which I am laying out for my mother's collection, and I will look for the manner in which it is obtained."

Louisa accepted the employment offered her, and Montague read aloud the account of the Coral Fishery, and when he closed the book, although it was still early, the fatigue he had undergone in attending on his friend made him wish to retire to bed, and Mrs. Newburgh very soon followed Louisa to her apartment.

Montague rose early the next morning and finding on visiting Mr. Lenville's that Manners was going on well,

after breakfast resumed with Mr. Carlton the studies which the late accident had interrupted; then returning to his mother, prosecuted his accustomed employments with her.

As Montague closed his books, and was preparing to return them to their shelves, his mother affectionately taking his hand, thus addressed him:

"Our attention, my dear boy, has been so entirely devoted to poor Manners Lenville for the last three days, that I have not had an opportunity of expressing to you the comfort I have derived from your behaviour during the whole of the day on which he unfortunately occasioned so much distress to his family. Perhaps you may not be aware that I am not ignorant of the manly firmness with which you declined joining Mr. Lenville's water party. A friend who accidentally heard your conversation repeated it to me, with expressions of pleasure at your character for probity, and I felt a satisfaction in the relation which I cannot describe. Of the subsequent action, when, under the blessing of Providence, you were so accessary to the preservation of our friends from the destruction that threatened them, you know I had the indescribable pleasure of being partly a witness, and I have only to

say to you, my beloved Montague, that if you thus continue to unite the steady perseverance in what is right, with a spirited wish of exerting every faculty for the benefit of others, you will take the surest way of securing the favour of Heaven, and subordinate to that, will in the exhibition of your father's virtues, my child, more completely heal the wound which his loss occasioned to me, than any other secondary means that could be employed."

Montague, delighted with his mother's approbation of his conduct, tenderly kissed the hand which he held; while Mrs. Newburgh, endeavouring to shake off the feeling of regret, which still arose at the remembrance of her husband, cheerfully added:

"Now, have you no curiosity, Montague, to know whither I went on the morning of the Lenville's accident? I so seldom go out without taking you for my beau that I think the circumstance must have occasioned some surprise."

"To say the truth, my dear mother," replied Montague; "I have been rather curious to learn whither you went on that and on one other morning, when you

were from home attended only by Barlow: but I concluded that you wished me not to know, and therefore made no enquiries."

"Well, your curiosity shall be gratified this evening on returning from Mr. Lenville's," answered Mrs. Newburgh;" when I hope to gratify you by explaining to you the reason of my twice declining to take you as my companion. At present I will not keep you any longer from your friend, who I dare say is very desirous of seeing you. Poor fellow! he has paid very dearly for his inconsiderate folly, and his weak state will long require the grateful and delicate attentions of friendship."

"I shall always be ready to lend my assistance towards lessening the tedium of his confinement," replied Montague, dropping his mother's hand; "and will no longer delay going to him. Perhaps you will see him in the course of the day?"

"In the evening," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "this morning, as I hear a good account of him, I shall spend with Louisa who is very desirous to proceed with her drawing."

Montague then went to the sick-room of his friend, whose spirits he found much depressed: they revived, however, with his friendly attentions, in the afternoon he was able to sit up, and appear quite comfortable, and in the evening Mrs. Newburgh paid her promised visit at Mr. Lenville's.

CHAP. XVI.

Congenial Hope, thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

CAMPBELL.



IN the evening as Mrs. Newburgh was returning with her son and Louisa, she proposed a walk to the sea-shore.

"What a very pretty yacht!" eagerly exclaimed Montague, on approaching the strand, as he saw riding at anchor a vessel he had never observed before; "how well she rides on the water! Does she belong to any gentleman in the neighbourhood?" continued he to his mother, who had taken no notice of his first observation.

"Yes, my dear boy," replied Mrs. Newburgh, her animated countenance enlightened by the glow of parental fondness; "she does belong to a gentleman in the neighbourhood; and I sincerely hope that its

possession will be a source of innocent gratification; in fact, to keep you no longer in suspense, my Montague, it was to procure for you, what I conceived would be an agreeable surprise, that I declined taking you with me when I was giving directions about fitting her up. Her rigging was only finished yesterday, and Peter Hopkins with the two honest fishermen, I have engaged to work on board of her under your directions, have just now brought her from the anchorage she has been at since she has been fitting out. Peter, I see, is just coming off in the boat according to my directions, and if you please, we will go on board."

"Oh! my dear mother," rejoined Montague, his eyes sparkling with grateful pleasure; "how can I ever thank you for all your kindness. My highest wish inferior to that of serving in a king's ship, has always been to possess a boat of my own; and you have made me completely happy by obtaining for me this beautiful yacht. We will go on board directly, if you are not afraid of the evening air on the water."

"It is so mild this evening that I have no fears," replied Mrs. Newburgh, following her son, whose eager delight had carried him onwards to the boat which Peter Hopkins, had just run on shore. He gave his

hand to his mother, then to Louisa who skipped nimbly into the boat, and in five minutes the party came up to the object of Montague's great delight, and Mrs. Newburgh's generosity.

The young owner of the vessel was the first to touch the deck; then receiving his mother on board with an affectionate embrace, and his young friend with a kiss, gaily welcomed them to his little domain. The men, whose services were engaged for his little vessel, received substantial marks of his generous spirit, and he proceeded to examine every part of his new property.

" I shall call her " The Hope," said Montague, as he strutted with all the pride of a high spirited sailor, backwards and forwards on the deck; " for I shall sail in her in the Hope of being one day transferred to some more glorious command than that of a pleasure yacht."

Pleased with the suggestion of her son, Mrs. Newburgh immediately gave directions to have " The Hope" painted at the stern of his vessel, and the figure he had made use of, reminding her of the elegant compliment paid to Commodore Anson, by the French admiral, after the conquest of several of the enemy's ships in

1747, she asked Montague if he remembered the incident?

"Perfectly well," replied Montague; "and I only [illegible] that I may have a similar speech made to me on [illegible]e future occasion."

"Do let me know what the compliment was," said Louisa, "for I have never heard it."

Montague ever anxious to oblige, and never weary of a subject which engrossed so much of his interest, seated himself on the hatchway, and repeated the anecdote as follows:

In 1747, Anson being appointed to the command of a squadron, had the good fortune to fall in with a French fleet off Cape Finisterre, and notwithstanding a spirited resistance on the part of the enemy, took six men of war, and four of the Indiamen they were convoying. The elegant compliment which M. de la Jonquiere, the French admiral, paid the victor on presenting his sword deserves to be remembered. Pointing to two of his ships, whose names gave all the beauty and force to the expression, he said, "Monsieur, vous avez vaincu l'Invincible; et la Glorie vous suit."

" Thank you, Montague," exclaimed the lively Louisa, running up to the young sailor; " que vous soyez toujours invincible; et que la glorie vous suive partouit."

" Bravo, Louisa," replied Montague; " why, I declare you are quite heroic : and when first I hoist my flag, I certainly shall call on you to twist the blue ribbons round the staff."

" Well turned, upon my word, Louisa," said Mrs. Newburgh, " and to me a delightful proof of improvement in the French language under the alternate instruction of your mamma and myself. It is now time to return to the boat, I think, for the sun has set some minutes, and a very thick mist is rising on the water, so I will thank you to give your orders," added she smiling, and addressing her son.

Montague desired Peter to bring the boat up to the side of the vessel, and the party returned to the cottage.

" When shall we take our first sail," asked Montague, as they were sitting at their tea, " not till poor Manners is better I think, for I cannot spare time enough from

him to give both to books and the water; and the former must be attended to."

"How good you are," eagerly exclaimed Louisa, "always to be thinking of poor Manners, after his having been so angry with you because you did not chuse to go with us that day without Mrs. Newburgh's leave."

Montague gently put his hand over the mouth of Louisa, who immediately feeling that she had been wrong in reverting to her brother's behaviour, was instantly silenced.

"It will take a day or two to have the alteration made in the name," observed Mrs. Newburgh, forbearing to notice the incident which had passed between her son and Louisa; "by that time I hope your friend will be a great deal better; and perhaps before he is equal to more violent exercise, a sail in your boat may be of great service to him." Then seeing that Louisa's countenance bore the remains of uneasiness, at having thoughtlessly commented on the behaviour of Manners, she said:

"Well, Louisa, did you make the extract, you talked of, on the subject of the star-fish, of which we saw so many in the water a few evenings since?"

"Oh yes," replied Louisa, brightening up as her mind received the impression of a new subject; "shall I read it, Madam?"

"Do, my love, if you have finished your tea."

Louisa took her manuscript from the book-stand and read the extract alluded to.

Nothing more passed this evening on the subject of sailing, and for the next few days Montague gave to his friend Manners Lenville the whole of the time he could spare from his daily occupations. He chatted and read to him alternately, and did not fail to relate the instance of his mother's generosity in purchasing for him a yacht, and to express the pleasure he should feel, when Manners might be able to accompany him on board: he would take sails of any distance that the weakness of his frame would allow, and begged him to keep up his spirits that he might soon be able to enjoy the water.

Poor Manners, however, had from the late event imbibed so decided an aversion to the water, that he shuddered when his friend mentioned the excursions he hoped they should have together; and though he re-

joiced at Montague's possession of a thing which gave him so much pleasure, his heart recoiled at the idea of ever bearing him company in his trips.

Montague, at first, rallied him on his fears, and then brought before him the example of Peter, the Czar of Muscovy, who had conquered an aversion to the element in question much more deeply rooted than his: but finding that he only distressed his friend by conversing on the subject, he at length dropped it till he should be stronger, and more able to attend to his reasonings.

CHAP. XVII.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest.

YOUNG.

NEARLY a fortnight had now elapsed since the accident, which had occasioned so much alarm in Mr. Lenville's family. On the first Sunday after it happened, Manners was in so dangerous a state, that none of the family had attended the neighbouring church. Mrs. Newburgh and her son, deeply interested in the event of his illness, and finding their company a consolation at Mr. Lenville's, had also omitted attendance at divine worship. On the approach of the second, Mrs. Newburgh perceiving that every appearance of danger had subsided, and aware that such an idea might not occur to her friends, ventured to suggest to Mrs. Lenville the propriety of returning public thanks in the church for the preservation of her husband and children. It was a duty which she conceived to be a positive one, and in recommending its performance to her friends, who she was conscious had but too little consideration on serious subjects, she conceived she

was well employing the influence she possessed over them. Mrs. Lenville, much affected on Mrs. Newburgh's mentioning the subject, willingly gave her assent to the proposal, while her husband, somewhat softened and awakened to reflection by the late occurrences, did not make the objections Mrs. Newburgh dreaded from his haughty and independent spirit: so true it is, that the appearance of death shakes the most determined defiance.

Manners was not sufficiently recovered to go to church, but he was well enough to be left to the care of servants, and to allow the family to join in the thanksgiving, which Mr. Carlton very impressively offered in their names, to the POWER from whom they had lately received so great a mercy. That gentleman, aware of the intention of the family before the arrival of the day, had prepared a discourse suitable to the occasion; and the emphatic manner in which he spoke to the feelings of the congregation, as he commented on the superintending eye and gracious arrangements of Providence, made a deep impression on all his hearers, but on none more so than on Mr. Lenville, who with rivetted attention on the preacher, felt his heart warmed with that pure glow of piety, which rarely gained admittance into his bosom: and his ap-

pearance at divine service in the afternoon was a convincing proof of the serious impression he had received. Mrs. Newburgh, very much interested in the opinions of a man, whose example was so likely to affect those of a young and promising family, and whose laxity of principle was frequently a stumbling-block in the way of her friend Mrs. Lenville, did not fail to remark with sensations of pleasure the inward workings of Mr. Lenville's feelings. But she forbore venturing to remark on them, aware of his disposition. On conversing however with Mrs. Lenville, who had been deeply affected during the morning service, and whose better principles she was aware frequently differed from those of her husband, she could not withstand the inclination she felt of observing on the effect visible in the countenance of Mr. Lenville during the morning, when she found that it had not been lost on his lady, whose emotion had been increased by observing that of her husband.

Mrs. Newburgh passed the evening at Mr. Lenville's, and in as general and delicate a manner as she could again introduced the subject of the morning contemplations. She had heard from her son of the antipathy Manners had imbibed to the water, since the accident which had so nearly cost the lives of himself and his

dearest relations, and she wished if possible to surmount it. It was indeed not of the consequence to him that it might be to many boys in their progress through life, considering it only as an impediment to his rise in the world. For his situation in life was such, that another profession might be substituted for one, which must in all probability occasionally subject him to sea-voyages. But she conceived such an impression, as significant of a distrust in Providence, and in this view she thought every effort should be made to overcome it: in her own example with regard to her son, she had given convincing proof with what proper feelings she witnessed those accidents incidental to the profession of the sea, ever tracing in them the direction of a wise Providence; and while her views were not confined to the chances of the fight, but extended to all those casualties so frequently occuring on the watery element, she was as anxious that a proper feeling on the subject should influence the conduct of those for whom she felt a very lively interest.

The evening was remarkably fine: the sun which was within a few degrees of the horizon, cast his lengthening shadows on every object of the surrounding scenery, softly illuminated with his retiring rays, while the luxuriant tints of purple and gold were tastefully

and fancifully intermixed with the clear azure sky; a gentle and soothing breeze played amongst the surrounding foliage, a more brisk but steady wind agitated the sea, and the gentle reflector of the sun's glowing light waited but his departure to appear in all her loveliness.

Mrs. Newburgh, who was sitting alone with Manners while the rest of the family and her son were taking a stroll in the neighbourhood, after silently admiring the beautiful scene around her for some minutes, invited her young companion to approach the window, by which she was sitting, and immediately rose to offer him her arm.

Manners thanked her for her attention, but declining any assistance, walked up to the window alone, saying in a cheerful voice, "he felt so much stronger, that he hoped he should soon leave the house again."

Then turning pale, as he approached the window and caught a view of the water, he was retiring to his chair, but Mrs. Newburgh observing his emotion, and fully aware of its occasion, took him gently by the arm, and begged him to observe the beautiful effect of

the rising moon on the water and on a passing sail at a distance.

Manners did not resist Mrs. Newburgh's detention; but turning his eyes from the water, and shuddering as he spoke, said "he believed he never again should look with any degree of comfort on the element in which he had so nearly found a grave."

"I can easily imagine," calmly replied Mrs. Newburgh, while she insensibly drew the eyes of her young friend towards the object of his abhorrence, "what your feelings must be on reviewing the danger to which you have been so recently exposed, and am not surprised, that you should feel some uncomfortable sensations at the idea of being again subjected to a possibility of its recurrence. But you have too much good sense, I am sure, to allow this feeling to get so much the dominion over you, as to make it degenerate into a worse than womanish weakness; for a moment's reflection must convince you how unreasonable and childish it would be, for every one, who, in his own person, or in that of a relation, had suffered uneasiness, or even the severer trial of losses in connection with this element, to make a resolution never to venture on it again, and in so doing, perhaps, not only ruin the pro-

pects his family may have been forming for his establishment in life, but also deprive himself of many sources of pure and rational pleasure."

Mrs. Newburgh here made a short pause, and her young friend replied, again turning his head from the sea, with a convulsive shudder; "giving up the water will not, I am sure, deprive me of any pleasure, for I never could feel any, I am confident, in joining those parties, where that was to be the amusement."

"Not with your present feelings certainly you could not," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "and if you lived alone in the world, and felt entirely independent of every other creature, perhaps it would not be necessary for you to endeavour to overcome the prejudice you have imbibed: but as none of us are born to be solitary beings, and as I know of nothing in the circle of a large family more likely to produce uneasiness than the violent prejudices of an individual, a consideration for others should prompt a desire to overcome this unfortunate antipathy. Besides, my young soldier," added Mrs. Newburgh, with some spirit, "supposing you were to be ordered abroad on actual service, would not your feelings of courage, do you think, prevent your refusing to obey? And I believe you

would find no General very willing to accept, as an apology for your non-acquiescence in his orders, that you were fearful of crossing the water."

Manners had a great deal of natural courage, and had acquired some degree of military ardour; and the idea suggested to him by Mrs. Newburgh's last insinuation made him hesitate before he replied; but his eye at the same moment catching another view of the sea, a repetition of his shuddering recurred, and he at length said:

"Other professions may be found, if it is necessary I should follow any, than such as may subject me to a service, the antipathy to which I am convinced I could never conquer."

"And your uncle?"—rejoined Mrs. Newburgh; "where would fly all the hopes he has formed of seeing in the profession, he is himself so great an ornament to, a young hero rising up who shall transmit all his well-earned laurels to posterity?"

"Oh! there is my brother," again replied Manners; "he has taken no dislike to the water, and therefore *he* must be my uncle's representative."

"Oh! your brother," said Mrs. Newburgh shaking her head, "your brother never will be the man your uncle so fondly hopes to see in the person of one of his nephews. Highly as I think of William and much as I value the many promising virtues in his character, I cannot but acknowledge that he has none of the shining qualifications requisite in the formation of a military leader. No, to you your uncle looks, believe me, for his hero; and from you he expects all that pleasure and gratification, it is natural he should feel in contemplating the military achievements of one so nearly and dearly connected with him as you are."

"My uncle," replied Manners, "formed this plan for me when I was as willing as he to comply with it; but now that I have taken a dislike to the profession,"——

Here Manners paused, conscious that he had not taken a dislike to the profession, for his partiality to the army still existed in all its warmth, and beginning to feel ashamed that one unjustifiable prejudice should threaten to blast all the hopes formed for his advancement in life. He was aware that his father's means of providing for him were very inferior to those of his uncle, who was willing to take the entire charge upon himself, and that in disobliging him, by refusing to

follow the profession marked out for him, he might very justly forfeit his favour and protection.

Mrs. Newburgh saw the hesitation of her young friend, and thinking it a good opportunity to improve on the impression she had made, proceeded:

"You must be aware, my young friend, that my reasons for urging on you the necessity of your endeavouring to conquer this unfortunate prejudice must be entirely disinterested; and that I cannot possibly have any other motive for doing it, than that of feeling a great interest in your welfare. I have represented to you every argument connected with your advancement in life, and I have I fear, nearly, if not entirely failed in endeavouring to excite your exertions. There is one, however, remaining, of a different tendency, which I have reserved for a last resource, not on account of its insignificance, but on the contrary, of its very last importance. I mean that of your dependance on a superior power, and of the doubt which your antipathy to the water implies of his all-sufficiency to protect you when exposed to the dangers of that element. But, do you not suppose, he is equally watchful over the mariner as over the landsman? Do you not think he can guide

you as safely through the storm at sea, as through the numerous accidents to which you are liable on land? Do you think the smallest ship was ever wrecked without his knowledge, or the meanest sailor ever sunk into his watery grave without the permission of his Providence?"

The feelings of Manners, softened by his recent indisposition, were not proof against this last appeal which Mrs. Newburgh so anxiously addressed to them: he felt convinced of the propriety of her arguments and yielding to the dejection which the weakness of his frame, and a succession of mournful events had occasioned, he burst into tears, while his head sunk on the shoulder of Mrs. Newburgh. She led him back to his chair, not being willing to fix his attention too long on a subject, which obviously gave him so much pain. He felt all her kindness, and pressing her hand to his lips as she took her seat by him, he asked how soon she thought he should have sufficient strength to sit in a boat.

She told him that it would require very little increase of bodily strength to render him capable of the exertion, and that if his resolution continued, and the following

day should prove fine, Montague's boat could be ready at any hour to take him any distance.

The rest of the party here returned from their walk and soon after Mrs. Newburgh with her son and Louisa took leave for the night.

CHAP. XVIII.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them.

ROWE.

THE next morning, Montague, having heard from his mother with much pleasure the effect which her reasonings had on the mind of his friend Manners, rose unusually early, and having made every necessary preparation both for his mother and Mr. Carlton ran to Mr. Lenville's to enquire for his friend, before his mother had made her appearance in the breakfast-parlour: he was not risen, but finding that he was awake Montague tapped at his door, and on hearing his friend's voice in reply, entered the apartment.

"You are early this morning," said Manners, extending his hand to him, "why, you cannot yet have breakfasted?"

"No," replied Montague, "but as I was so anxious to know if you continued in your last night's resolution,

that I rose very early this morning; and if you think this fine day will prove any inducement to you to make a short excursion on the water, I will tell Peter, as I return, to be ready at any hour you please."

Manners changed colour on the first mention of the water, but quickly recovering himself, while his countenance assumed a regard of resolute earnestness, he replied:

"Your mother is irresistible Montague, no one else could have had the same influence over my stubborn disposition, I am sure, but it is impossible to withstand the force of her arguments. I have dreamt of her all night, and though I still shudder when I think of the attempt, yet I am determined to make one to conquer this unreasonable, and as she represents it, this impious prejudice."

Montague felt the full value of his mother's worth, as his friend paid her this warm-hearted tribute, and perceiving the effect she had produced on his, hitherto ill-regulated, but generous temper, he secretly rejoiced at an accident which appeared likely to prove so substantially beneficial to him. He shook him heartily by the hand, and promising his boat should be ready at

twelve o'clock hastened to join his mother and Louisa at breakfast.

The day proved as fine as could be wished for the invalid to make his first short excursion on the water; and his own family with Mrs. Newburgh and her son accompanying him to the boat, he entered it with a palpitating heart, supported by the two latter, who taking their seats on each side of him, waved their hands to the rest of the party, who remained on shore, for fear of overfatiguing, by their numbers, the object of their solicitude; and the rowers, plying gently their oars, carried the little bark safely along the shore. There was scarcely any curl on the water, but just air enough to moderate the noon-tide beams of the sun; and though, for the first few minutes a feeling of horror superseded every other in the breast of Manners, and Mrs. Newburgh, who watched the transitions in his countenance, feared he would sink under the sensation, yet as he became accustomed to the calm scene around him, he insensibly lost his apprehensions, and gathered confidence from the silent, though feeling attentions of his friend: his dread at length gave way to delight at again enjoying the calm and serene face of nature, from which he had been excluded during the last fortnight, and to gratitude to the Power which had

preserved him from a watery grave, and supported him through the trial of a severe and dangerous illness. His heart, violent in all its emotions, melted at the reflections awakened in his bosom, and looking tenderly at Mrs. Newburgh, who, but a few moments before began almost to repent having prevailed on her young friend in his present weak state to venture a trial, which appeared too hard for him to encounter, he at once relieved her apprehensions and his own feelings, by bursting into tears. Montague was as much affected as Manners, and the party for sometime proceeded in silence: but at length, Manners, greatly relieved by tears, and beginning to feel the reviving influence of the sea-air, found his spirits rising; and long before the expiration of the hour which Mrs. Newburgh considered would be sufficient for the first excursion, the party engaged in cheerful conversation, and even Manners regretted that the prow of the boat was so quickly put on shore.

Mrs. Lenville, William, and Louisa waited to receive the invalid, and hearing so good an account of him during his row on the water, it was determined that the whole party should accompany him on the morrow, and that the excursion should take place in Montague's decked vessel. Mrs. Newburgh and Montague ac-

companied Manners to the gate that led to their cottage; then leaving Louisa to spend the remainder of the day with her brother, returned to their own house, where they found a visitor they little expected.

CHAP. XIX.

Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER.



THE visitor, whose unexpected appearance at the cottage, occasioned both surprise and pleasure to Mrs. Newburgh and her son, was no other then Lord Penhurst, of whom since their retirement to the Isle of Wight no intelligence had been received either by Montague or his mother. Not that Mrs. Newburgh had failed in making every advance towards a reconciliation with her uncle, it was in her power to do, consistently with her determination never to yield to his wishes in regard to her son. For some little time indeed, after quitting London, she refrained from addressing him, knowing the extreme tenacity of his opinions, and being aware that the many peculiarities in his character did not admit of her shewing the uneasiness she really felt at being so entirely estranged from her only relation. She knew that the feelings of Lord Penhurst were not at all delicate; his mind

possessed much strength, but little refinement; and accustomed from his peculiar situation and rank in life; and from his bachelor habits to meet with very little contradiction, he disliked every attempt at contesting the opinions formed on his own judgment. All these considerations actuated with Mrs. Newburgh not to be in haste to address her uncle, after having so highly incensed him against her: but when she conceived that resentment formed in the hurry of passion must have had time to cool, and the powerful plea of natural affection again chased the displeasure, which had been so warmly kindled in the bosom of her uncle, she had ventured to address a letter to him couched in general terms of affectionate regard, avoiding the topic which had occasioned the dissension between them, and inviting him in the kindest manner to spend some time with her in her retreat Her letter, however, received no answer. Yet, far from remaining satisfied with one attempt at regaining the cordiality of Lord Penhurst, she wrote to him again at several different times in the same strain of affection, and also caused Montague to write two or three respectful letters to his uncle. But all was of no avail. Lord Penhurst had, or fancied he had, taken a violent dislike to his relations, who had disappointed his ambitious views of seeing his representative hold a shining place in the ministery of his

country; and he declared that he would take no more notice of a boy, who had rather be floundering about upon the water, with a chance of sinking to the bottom this moment, and blown up by a cannon-ball the next, than be gaining applause by some well-turned speech at the bar, or a piece of florid eloquence in the senate. His Lordship was infatuated; and while his admiration for William Pitt led him into an enthusiastic desire that his nephew should tread in the steps of that illustrious statesman, it occurred not to him that the council would debate in vain, if there were not heroes to direct her navy, and that Nelson was as great on the quarter deck of the Victory, as Pitt was in the chair of the house of commons.

Lord Penhurst was under the influence of these opinions, when one morning at breakfast, while the parliament was not sitting, and there was little public news in the papers, his eye glancing over the miscellaneous matter was attracted to the following paragraph:

Caution to young gentlemen.

"A few days since, in the back of the Isle of Wight, a very serious and fatal accident had nearly happened to the family of W. Lenville, Esq. now residing in a

cottage near Shanklin Chine. Mr. L. with his two sons and his daughter were sailing in a small boat within a mile of the shore, when a sudden squall threatened destruction to the whole party. It however passed them, and Mr. L. requested his son, for there was no waterman on board, to haul in the sail, in case of a recurrence of the same nature, which from the appearance of the atmosphere seemed very likely. The young gentleman preferred having the sail up, and unfortunately refusing to accede to his father's wishes was the thoughtless occasion of the accident, which almost instantly followed. A gust of wind, more violent than the first, quickly succeeded to it, and the boat was instantly upset. The party were saved from immediate death by clinging to the boat, which still remained above water, but they must soon have sunk with her to rise no more, had it not been for the spirited exertions of two lads, who viewing the accident from the shore, immediately put off in a boat which happened to be drawn up on the strand, and who, after pulling against wind and tide, had the satisfaction of receiving on board the whole of Mr. Lenville's family. We understand one of these youths to have been the presumptive heir to the Penhurst Barony, and a son of Captain Newburgh who fell so gloriously in the late naval engagement; a boy of only eleven years of age,

who in this early indication of intrepidity and presence of mind does honour to the memory of his father, and gives an earnest of his future credit in the navy, for which, we are told, he is designed."

Lord Penhurst in reading this paragraph, could not help being moved, though he endeavoured to suppress his feelings by every act in his power. He pushed the paper from him; took the review which lay by him in its place; poured out another cup of tea; rang the bell to know why his toast was not brought; pushed away his footstool; pulled his slippers up at the heel; and finally, taking off his spectacles to discover the reason why he could not distinguish even the largest letters of the British Critic, wiped them with the corner of his napkin, put them on again, and with an emphatic, pshaw! once more took up the newspaper. Then, having again read the paragraph, in which the intrepidity of his young nephew was so conspicuously alluded to, he insensibly sunk into a train of reflection on the conduct of his youthful relation.

"The boy was certainly born to make some figure in life! and may it not be in the navy as well as in the council-chamber? The boy was certainly born to be

my heir! and may he not do as much honour to the coronet in the navy, as in the council-chamber? The boy was certainly born to be my nephew! and may he not be as much my nephew in the navy, as in the council-chamber? Well, well then let him be in the navy, since I cannot help it. If he does but do honour to the Barony of Penhurst, to be sure it does not much signify, whether the honour is won on water or on paper." After this soliloquy, Lord Penhurst again rang the bell, and telling the man to prepare for a journey, immediately posted to Southampton, and the next day found himself in the cottage of his niece.

Mrs. Newburgh, although she was ignorant of the train of reasoning, to which she owed the present visit of her uncle, and although she had been sensibly hurt by the continuation of his unkindness towards her, was so completely glad to receive Lord Penhurst under her roof, that she immediately welcomed him with all the cordiality of a friendship, which had suffered no diminution. To say that the sight of her uncle did not awaken those tender feelings of regret, with which her last interview with him were connected, would be doing injustice to the affection of one of the tenderest of wives; but Mrs. Newburgh endeavoured to restrain her emotion, and in the satisfaction of the present

moment seemed to lose the painful impression of those which were past.

If the first idea, which struck Montague on the sight of his uncle, was one of indignation at the remembrance of the insult he thought offered to his father, in the contempt with which his uncle had treated the diamond-mounted dirk, it is hoped he will be forgiven for a feeling which sprung from a high sense of his father's honour, and a sacred veneration for his memory. It subsided instantly in a reflection on the relation to which he stood towards his uncle, and the respect due to his superiority in years; and to Lord Penhurst's salutation of, "what a fine fellow you are grown, Sir!" Montague heartily and affectionately received the hand offered to him.

Indeed the change was sufficiently striking in the figure of our young sailor, during the last year and a half that he had resided in the Isle of Wight; and it was not at all astonishing that Lord Penhurst should observe with some degree of pride, for that is the term more properly to be employed, instead of affection, in speaking of his Lordship, the difference between a boy with an interesting set of features indeed, but overshadowed with sadness, and in a deep suit of mourning,

and a high-spirited lad, whose countenance wore the semblance of strong health and cheerfulness, habited in a suit of blue, made in the fashion of a sailor; courage sparkling in his eye, truth marked on his forehead, and the glow of filial love mantling in his cheek.

The observations and manners of Lord Penhurst were always definite. When he had formed his prejudiced opinions on the profession of his young nephew, immediately after the death of his father, he had had no scruples, even at the expense of delicacy and feeling, in urging them on the observation of his niece; and now when they had utterly subsided, and the improved appearance of his nephew had sealed the alteration in his sentiments the report of his bravery had excited; he was as little concerned in disguising what he felt on the occasion; but not being able thoroughly to understand the sort of feeling, by which Montague at so very early an age had fixed on the profession of his father, he was determined to try him for a moment, and discover whether it was a sensation stronger than that of a wish for splendour and rank. Therefore, taking very slight notice of the expressions of pleasure, which were offered him on his arrival by both his relations, he immediately alluded to the subject which had occasioned his present trip, and tapping Montague on the

shoulder said, "so, sir, you have begun your feats on your favourite element, already, I find; and you are determined to be a sailor, at last; well, and they say that you promise to make some show in the line you have chosen. Now this appears all very extraordinary to me, and I really should like to hear your reasons for having such a strange taste as to prefer a rusty anchor to the glitter of a coronet; and I should like to know if I got an act of parliament to prevent my title's descending to you, whether you would then choose to indulge in this wish of yours? Honestly now" continued Loid Penhurst, repeating the tap on Montague's shoulder; "come, tell me honestly; what is your choice, hey? your father's anchor, or your mother's coronet?"

From the countenance and address of Lord Penhurst, when he first met his relations, every thing but dissatisfaction might have been traced; therefore this address would have been very surprising to any one, not acquainted with his Lordship's real character: but it was productive of no unpleasant feelings to Mrs. Newburgh, who instantly saw that this was merely a feint to discover the real sentiments of her son, and that his own were changed by some sudden whim into approbation of his professional choice. Her secret

pleasure was great on making this observation; for she had always feared that the recommencement of communication with her uncle would prove one also of family dissension. She was perfectly satisfied to indulge Lord Penhurst's unusual facetiousness with her son, and looked on his countenance to trace the effects of his uncle's address. Montague, who really thought his uncle was in earnest, looked for a moment on his mother, as if to express a hope that the resignation of her inheritance would not be paying an ill compliment to her maternal fondness, then instantly anticipating her wishes on the subject, and feeling his spirit rise at the remembrance of his father, the manly boy with much earnestness replied, "my father's anchor, my Lord."

Lord Penhurst again asked, "what, and refuse your mother's inheritance?"

Montague replied; "yes, my Lord. My mother's coronet, I think, would have formed a noble support to the anchor of my father; but since it appears both of them cannot descend to their son; my mother will, I am sure, not only forgive, but approve my choice," continued he, looking affectionately at her, "if I prefer

that which is rendered so dear to both of us by the remembrance of my father."

"Well spoke, young fiery," replied Lord Penhurst; "and you shall have your anchor and your coronet emblazoned together: for, as you have got all your mother's obstinacy, boy, it is a pity you should lose her inheritance."

Montague, who now began to understand his uncle's very odd disposition, could scarcely help smiling at this reflection on his mother, as he saw it was only in joke, and was not in the least resented even by a change of countenance in her. He told his uncle he hoped he should never disgrace either his father or mother, then observing that his Lordship's dress would require some change to make him comfortable before dinner, he respectfully asked if he would not like Barlow to wait on him?

"My own fellow is somewhere about," answered Lord Penhurst, "and he comes most handily to me when I shave. I should be afraid that your sailor-men would forget I was not crossing the line, and would use pitch instead of soap."

"My sailors are better taught, uncle," gaily replied Montague; "but your own man shall be instantly sought."

Lord Penhurst then retired to the apartment which was to be prepared for his reception, and met his nephew and niece at dinner at five o'clock.

The favourable opinion of his Lordship, in regard to his nephew, did not again change. During the hour of dinner, when engaging with him in conversation, he felt all the pride of ancestry, on contemplating the shining support likely to succeed to the ancient Barony of Penhurst; and after dinner, feeling himself very much at his ease, as indeed it was his custom to do, into whatever company he went, after asking Montague the same questions over and over again, and starting up in the middle of a doze to ask the rogue why he did not answer him, he, at length, fell into a sound sleep to dream of great naval commanders, instead of statesmen, counsellors, and barristers.

Poor Montague! he was little accustomed to sit more than half an hour at his dinner; for his mother's table being seldom frequented by any visitors, excepting the two families in the neighbourhood, their repast was

short, and she never wished to detain her son from a more pleasing employment to a boy of his age, than sitting formally over the bottles and glasses. Their dessert, excepting when these few friends occasionally dined with them, was plucked by themselves in their own garden, and when either the family of the Lenvilles or of the Carltons increased the busy employment of the meal, the young people were usually excused from sitting as long as the elder branches of the party. But in the present instance, the case was different. Respect for his uncle prevented Montague expressing a wish to move from the room; and though he felt all the natural eagerness of youth to be absent; far from being impatient under confinement, he paid every possible attention to his uncle, cheerfully answered all the questions he asked and repeated, and not till his uncle finally closed his eyes did he turn one imploring look towards his mother. His mother met this look with a smile, which shewed how much she would herself have liked to have been relieved from her present situation, at the same time waving her hand to her son, that he might find his way gently into the garden.

Had Montague been aware that his uncle's afternoon nap was generally extended to two or three hours, he might probably have been tempted to accept his

mother's offer; but hoping that he should not be [illegible] tained much longer, and really never wishing for [illegible] enjoyment in which she could not participate, [illegible] returned her smile, and remained quietly where [illegible] was.

The sleep of his uncle, however, notwithstanding these delicate precautions to prevent its being disturbed, continued not without interruption: and without taxing very seriously the patience of Montague, at the end of the first hour, it must be confessed he felt relieved when Louisa Lenville's little dog Prince, frisked into the room through the unclosed window, and after laying at the feet of Mrs. Newburgh his mistress's little work-basket which he held in his mouth, flew to Montague, then again to Mrs. Newburgh, and last of all, put up his fore feet, without ceremony, on the knees of Lord Penhurst. Montague, though amused at the first moment, on reflection was vexed that his uncle should have been disturbed; therefore taking the little dog by the collar, after he had been repulsed by Lord Penhurst without awaking his Lordship, he dragged him out of the room, and beckoned to Louisa whom he saw approaching the window, to enter softly. Louisa's little basket was full of shells and stones, which Peter Hopkins had been picking up for

her on the shore; for the little girl, being employed in making a grotto in a shady part of Mrs. Newburgh's garden, had desired him to endeavour to get her some; and the lad ever fond of obliging, having just met Prince with the basket of his mistress, had filled it with the best he had been able to find.

When Louisa, who approached as she was desired on tip-toe, entered, her curiosity was immediately excited to know who Lord Penhurst was, and in a whisper she ventured to ask. She was immediately acquainted that it was Montague's uncle, which redoubled her anxiety to know more of the droll old gentleman, and she could not forbear walking round the room two or three times, that she might take the present opportunity of surveying him unnoticed. Mrs. Newburgh, however, fearful that Lord Penhurst might be again disturbed beckoned Louisa towards her, who taking Mrs. Newburgh's napkin emptied the contents of her little basket on the table; and while Montague assists her in cleaning her shells in his water-glass, and Lord Penhurst finishes his nap, my readers perhaps may like to become acquainted with the little dog which has not before been introduced to their notice.

CHAP. XX.

His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.

ROGERS.

WHEN Montague Newburgh was not more than six years of age, a very fine and favourite dog of his father's, having been seized with a disease which was pronounced to be, if not incurable, at least likely to be very painful, it was determined to be the most merciful way of treating him to put an end to his sufferings by depriving him of life. Accordingly Captain Newburgh gave orders to his servants to convey the unfortunate animal to the river, and in as speedy a manner as possible terminate his existence. The man immediately endeavoured to execute his master's orders, but the dog could by no entreaties be persuaded to follow him to the spot where the boat was to be taken, which was to convey him to the middle of tne river. The other servants tried to entice him, and the nursery-maid who had been accustomed to attend on Montague, when the dog followed them in their walks, had no doubt but

that he would accompany her. Her attempts, however, were equally fruitless. The dog would follow no one but Master Newburgh, and it was reported to Captain Newburgh, that unless Master Newburgh went, it would be impossible to execute his orders. The captain knew the quickness of the child's feelings, and was unwilling to put them to this trial; however, the dog could by no artifice be tempted to follow any one else, so poor Montague was, though unconsciously till he arrived at the boat, obliged to lead his old and constant companion to execution. On returning home he was informed of the fate of his dog, and the reasons being explained to him, which occasioned him to be put to a violent death, the child was at length, after much sobbing and crying, pacified by the promise of another dog. About the same time, a young naval officer, calling on his father with a puppy of the rough water-breed, offered the little animal to Montague, which his father allowed him to accept, and it soon repaid him by its tricks and gambols for the loss of his old favourite. Yet it was some time before the little creature, to whom his young master had given the name of Prince was reconciled to his new abode. During the first three months he was several times lost, and once, from a singular coincidence of shape and colour, another dog being accidentally found when

Prince was absent, he for some time usurped the place of the original dog, and occasioned many jokes in the house: for some of the friends of Captain Newburgh, who were good-natured enough to take an interest in so trifling an incident, for the sake of his child, pronounced the dog in question to be really Prince, while others gave him the name of the Pretender. The subject in dispute was at length determined by the young man who had given the dog to Montague, who pronounced it certainly not to be his puppy, and the animal was accordingly disposed of. Some weeks passed after this, when Captain Newburgh, having occasion to visit one of his late seamen who was dying in a consumption in one of the remote alleys in the city, at an adjoining house which was inhabited by a cobbler and his wife recognised the little animal his young friend had given to his son. He immediately inquired of the woman how she came by the dog, when she informed him that about a month since, her husband being at work in his cellar in Bishopsgate Street, his attention was attracted to some carmen who were amusing themselves by throwing the little animal backwards and forwards for their diversion. They continued their sport for some time, and at length the object of their wantonness was precipitated into the very cellar where the cobbler was prosecuting his

ployment. He instantly screened the little animal from farther injury, and at night, when he went home, carried him to his wife, who had taken care of him, and fed him ever since. Captain Newburgh made the cobbler's wife a handsome present for the care she had taken of the little animal, and it followed him home to the great joy of his young master. From this moment the dog became a general favourite through the house, and being of that intelligent species which is easily instructed in many little engaging tricks, he became the general source of amusement to both young and old; and when Louisa Lenville was introduced to the acquaintance of the sportive Prince, she was so delighted with his frolics and gambols, that Montague with his mother's permission made her a present of his little favourite.

Thus far in explanation of the little dog in question.—We will now return to the party assembled round Mrs. Newburgh's dining table, where Lord Penhurst, at length rousing himself from his nap, was greeted again with the smiles of his niece and nephew. The addition to the party was immediately discovered by his Lordship, and walking up to Louisa, while he took hold of both her hands, he asked her, "whose little cherry-cheeked damsel she was?"

"Our little friend is a daughter of Mr. Lenville," replied Mrs. Newburgh, and living very near us; her mother is kind enough to allow me the pleasure of seeing her every day."

"Lenville, Lenville," replied his Lordship, hesitating as he dropped Louisa's hands, and took out his snuff box, "why surely that's the name of the gentleman"——

"Yes, that's the name of the gentleman," eagerly interrupted Louisa, "whom Montague saved; he is my father, sir; and he, and my brothers, and I too, must all have been drowned, but for"——

"The goodness of Providence," added Montague, at the same time, giving Louisa's little basket of shells an overset, to divert the subject of conversation from himself.

"Are you fond of the water, uncle," enquired Mrs. Newburgh; "the weather is so favourable at present that perhaps you may like, during your stay with us, to take a sail round the island; and Montague will be delighted to see his yacht so employed."

" Aye, pray do, my Lord," added Montague; " let me give orders this evening, and let us set sail to-morrow. I am sure you will be pleased with the excursion."

" Not quite so fast, thank you," replied Lord Penhurst, " not quite so fast; to-day is Wednesday, and Friday evening I must be in London again; so if you mean to take me round the island, and shew me all the curiosities in the mean-time, I must get my young sailor to blow up a tremendous brisk breeze."

Mrs. Newburgh and Montague both felt and looked disappointed at this declaration; but finding there was no chance of persuading Lord Penhurst to alter his determination, they relinquished the attempt, and Montague felt some satisfaction in receiving his uncle's acquiescence to make use of his yacht in returning to Southampton instead of hiring a vessel at Cowes. Mrs. Newburgh wished the Lenvilles to have accompanied her and her uncle on their sail, but Manners not feeling sufficiently strong to venture for so long a time on the water, she declined pressing them to leave him. The day proved as favourable as could be wished. Lord Penhurst, thoroughly in good humour, and satisfied with his nephew, greatly enjoyed the beautiful sail.

up the Southampton water, and as he took leave of the mother and son on their return to their retirement, a tear of sensibility again dimmed his eye.

"God bless you, God bless you, both," said his Lordship, as he hurried out of the boat, and stepped into his carriage, which was waiting for him, "our next separation will be shorter, I trust!"

"I trust it will," replied Mrs. Newburgh, affectionately putting her hand into her uncle's, as he leaned out of the carriage. Montague jumped up on the lower step, and again receiving a hearty shake from his uncle, gave his arm to his mother, and they returned to their boat.

CHAP. XXI.

These are the product
Of those ill mated marriages thou saw'st.

MILTON.



"THE last four-and-twenty hours appear like a dream, mother," said Montague, as he seated himself by the side of Mrs. Newburgh in the boat; "who would have thought yesterday at this time, that to-day we should have seen my uncle, and that we should have been so perfectly reconciled?"

"Thus it happens, my dear boy, daily; nay hourly," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "the events which appear to us the least likely to happen, are frequently preparing to burst upon us at the moment when we are most inclined to doubt the possibility of their occurrence; while as frequently those, which to our contracted vision appear almost as positive as the laws of creation, are prevented from ever taking place by an inexplicable, but doubtless, a wise and merciful dispensation of Providence. I assure you the visit of your uncle

has been a great consolation to me, and I feel very grateful to the great disposer of events that this reconciliation has taken place—I would not have a stranger, my enemy, Montague; much less him whom I am bound to honour and respect by the ties of relation. I know nothing more trying to the feelings than to fall unavoidably, or at least by a concurrence of events which no human foresight could prevent, under the displeasure of those whose opinions we highly value, and for whom we feel a large share of affection; and though the singularity of your uncle's character prevents the full weight of these reflections, yet there is a similarity, sufficient to make me fully appreciate the value of the present reconciliation."

Montague was wishing for such an opportunity as the close of his mother's observations presented, to enter on the subject of his uncle's disposition, the eccentricities of which had very much puzzled him; and he ventured to say in reply to his mother:

"Has my uncle ever met with any severe misfortunes, that he appears so different from other people, and so unwilling to mix in society?"

"I am not generally willing," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "to encourage the observations of young people

on the peculiarities and foibles of their superiors in age, fearful of giving them a turn for discovering, in the characters of those with whom they associate, any thing that may indulge ridicule, or nurture contempt; but I have too high an opinion of your good sense and charitable disposition, my dear boy, to decline the present opportunity of gratifying the curiosity which I see your uncle's singular manners have raised in you; and I am the more inclined to trust my observations to you on the subject, because I think a moral may be drawn from his case, which, while it may be beneficial to you, will, so far from lessening that respect you will I trust always feel for your uncle, be rather efficacious in softening your feelings towards him, and incline you, on every occasion, to that delicate consideration for his peculiar habits, which it is the duty, and ought to be the pleasure of every youth to pay to those more advanced in life: but we are just coming along side the yacht, we will resume this subject presently."

"We have a breeze right down the river," said Montague, skipping nimbly into his little vessel; then assisting his mother to mount the ladder, he saw her comfortably seated on the deck, and throwing himself at her feet, while one of his arms rested on her knees, his dark eyes lifted to those of his mother looked a

request that she would proceed with the subject of her uncle.

Mrs. Newburgh, pressing her hand affectionately on her son's head, thus continued,

" From a fault of education, in the very earliest years of his life, springs all the uneasiness your uncle has experienced in his progress through the world. Your grandfather and himself were the only children of their father, whose marriage with their mother, a woman of singular beauty and accomplishments, but professing a faith differing in the most essential points from the purity of our church establishment, was the ruin of his family peace, his domestic union, and the happiness of his younger son.

When they married, an agreement was made between the parties, as is not unusual in such cases, that with regard to the education of their children, the boys should be brought up in the Church of England, agreeably to the opinions of their father, but that the girls, in deference to those of their mother, should be educated in the profession of her faith. A dangerous error this, my child, and one, into which I pray God you may never be seduced; for it is impossible to say

what may be the consequences. Superior as may be the reasoning faculties of man, and largely as he may be endowed with resolution and strength of mind to combat with difficulties, which require great exertion of these endowments, yet the influence which the persuasions of female tenderness are likely to possess over his heart is so great, that too much care cannot be employed in forming matrimonial connections. Marriages between parties differing on so essential a point as that of religion, are, in very many instances, productive of unhappiness, and although *you* are yet so young, Montague, that many years must elapse before you will feel the necessity of circumspection on this point; yet, my beloved boy, on every subject in which your welfare both in this world and the next, is interested, it is impossible to begin too early to give those necessary cautions, which if withheld till a later period, may perhaps be delivered in vain. Let me therefore impress on you this, with the many other pieces of advice I occasionally give you, at a time when you are so willing to listen and so open to conviction, that there is one most essential consideration in the choice of a wife, to which indeed rank, beauty, or accomplishments may add new lustre, but for the absence of which they never can atone. Her principles must have been formed on those ideas of Christianity which you have

imbibed from your cradle, or in uniting yourself with her, you will expose yourself to the risk of having your own principles perverted, to the misery of seeing the object of your tenderest affections involved in errors of the most important character, and will be preparing for your children a source of endless disquietude and dangerous contention."

The animation, with which Mrs. Newburgh spoke to her son on this subject, was increased by the recollection of the influence she had once so judiciously exercised over her husband, relative to this subject, very soon after their marriage. Captain Newburgh had always been exemplary in his moral conduct, and in his communication with all ranks of society strictly gentlemanly, and considerate to the feelings of others. But, though he scarcely ever omitted attending on divine service, when he had an opportunity, and was particularly careful that those depending on him should be equally attentive to that duty, he had imbibed a sort of generalizing view of religion, which was the more dangerous as being professed by a man of singular conscientiousness. He had also from a thoughtlessness, or an inattention, for which he could by no means be excused, although too many similar instances of omission might be produced, never attended the Sacrament of

Lord's Supper, nor sufficiently considered the indispensable obligation which all the professions of Christianity are under to observe it. In the former instance, however, Mrs. Newburgh within the first year of her marriage had the satisfaction of seein her husband a warm and steady supporter of the Church of England, and in the latter, before the birth of her only and beloved child, she had had the comfort of joining with him in commemorating the death and sufferings of our Blessed Saviour.

With these reflections, no wonder the countenance of Mrs. Newburgh was illuminated in enforcing on her son the early practice of that steady principle and self-command, she was so well persuaded was necessary in his progress through life; and while she thus employed the moments which a tranquil sail afforded for the indulgence of conversation, she delighted in observing in the atten ion of her son's countenance, not an impatience which was longing to be released from confinement, but an interest which asked for a continuance.

Mrs. Newburgh pressed the hand of her son, as the recollection of his father crossed her fancy, and then continued:

"But to return to your uncle: he and my father were the only children my grandfather ever had, and my father, who was the elder of these, being born six or seven years before my uncle, was according to agreement instructed in the true faith and doctrines of our church, and happily for him and for me was at this age removed from home, and placed with a clergyman at some distance for education, the London atmosphere not agreeing with his delicate constitution. About this time, your uncle was born, and was also received a member of our church; but ultimately was instructed in the principles of no religion whatever; for his father and mother were unfortunately from this time at variance on their own particular forms of Belief; the former sometimes wavering from his church by a wish of conforming to the opinions of the latter, and the latter unsettled and hesitating in her own principles, daily following the persuasions of some new and flourishing sect. The consequence was, that your uncle, himself instructed in the principles of no faith, and an eye-witness to the contentious and disagreements of his parents on the subject, took such an early disgust to all religion that it required a much more discriminating and delicate attention than can be paid to an individual in his progress through Eton-school, to correct the erroneousness of his opinions, and to remove the con-

tempt he had imbibed for every one whom he conceived to be more seriously inclined than others."

"In fact, the impressions of his early years have never been removed. Unguided by that holy and pure principle which can alone regulate the heart and affections, he has lived a solitary being in the midst of society, looking with contempt on many of his fellow-creatures, with scornful pity on others, with disgust at all, and with a bigoted confidence on his own preconceived conclusions on men and manners. An example, my child, to all parents, not only to avoid giving their children wrong ideas of religion, but to make it a first and prime object in their education, to give them that firm and regular instruction in its proper duties, as may make them, in whatever station of life they may be born, faithful servants of Christ, as well as useful members of society."

"In regard to your uncle, therefore, my dear boy," continued Mrs. Newburgh, "while from his example you learn to value and admire the purity of that church in which you have been from your earliest infancy educated, and while you form your manners and regulate your actions by its precepts, let your pity for the errors of the man, mix with and soften your respect

for your relation; and never forget to mention him *particularly*, when you name him in your prayers."

The lively, the high-spirited Montague, merry with the merriest of his companions, and courageous and resolute beyond his years when called into action, was equally gentle and affectionate when the occasion seemed to require moderation and tenderness. Though destined for one of those two professions, which to the minds of some unthinking people, represent almost an impossibility of uniting religious principles with the peculiar qualifications of the sailor and the soldier, the unremitting pains which his parents had conscientiously employed to correct this prevalent mistake in the object of their conjugal affection, had been well expended; and Montague had learnt both to estimate the value of the advantages he had himself enjoyed, and to feel for those who had been unfortunately deprived of them. A tear of commiseration sparkled in his eye, as his mother ceased speaking, and he said:

"Ah! my dear mother, if you had ever been in the habit of spending much time with my uncle how different he might have been!"

"I have often wished," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "that I could have persuaded your uncle to join our

little circle for some time, knowing how frequently the heart may be moved by the influence of example, when the judgment will not be at the pains of exercising its powers of reflection. But the same sort of feeling, which made him unwilling to mix in general society, rendered him also equally averse to associating with his family, and I never have been able to persuade him to make me a visit. On his arrival yesterday, and from the unusual satisfaction he evinced at being with us, I immediately formed a hope that we should have prevailed on him to spend some time with us, when from an introduction to Mr. Carlton, together with the obvious good effects produced by his example and influence in our small neighbourhood, I had hoped some beneficial consequences might have arisen. That idea, however, has fled with the departure of your uncle, and we must now look forward to some future opportunity for the accomplishment of my wishes on the subject."

The little vessel now swept round the point of land which stretched into the sea near Calshot Castle, and the sailors finding it necessary to tack, the conversation was here interrupted.

" She has been only forty minutes bringing us down," said Montague, looking at his watch; " another hour

will take us in sight of our little cottage. Not less though, for we must tack all the way from this spot."

Mrs. Newburgh smiled at the precision of her son's reckoning. Montague was right, and in about an hour from losing sight of Southampton, their vessel dropt her anchor immediately opposite the Undercliff Cottage.

"There are William and Louisa watching for us," said Mrs. Newburgh, as they approached the shore in the boat.

"But what can be the matter with Louisa?" asked Montague. "She looks quite melancholy, so unusual for her."

Montague's observation was just; for on the approach of the young people to the boat to receive their friends, Louisa, whose hand was immediately hung in Mrs. Newburgh's arm, burst into tears.

"What has happened, my love," tenderly enquired Mrs. Newburgh. Your brother Manners I hope is not ill again?"

Louisa's sobs prevented her reply; but William, who had more command over his feelings, informed Mrs.

Newburgh that their father and mother had received letters by that morning's post which had much distressed them; and though their contents were not particularly disclosed to their children, they had been informed that the subject of them would occasion the immediate absence of their father and mother from England.

At the repetition of this probable occurrence, Louisa renewed her tears, and Mrs. Newburgh finding from William that his mother had been wishing for her return, that she might have the comfort of her advice on the occasion, she instantly went to the house of her friend, leaving Montague to assist William in pacifying the distressed feelings of Louisa.

CHAP. XXII.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

YOUNG.

THE dispatches, which had produced such unpleasant sensations in the family of Mr. Lenville, were relative to some estates which he possessed in the island of Jamaica in right of his wife, which having been so long deprived of the presence of their proprietor had suffered very considerably by the ill-management of the overseer appointed to conduct them. For some years the remittances annually received by Mr. Lenville had been gradually lessening. The effect, however, was attributed to the difference in value of West India property in general, and Mr. Lenville, having no reason to doubt either the ability or the honesty of those to whom the management of the property was committed,

had been satisfied with the reports made him, and had never taken the trouble to make any enquiry on the occasion. A deficiency, however, in the receipts from his English estates in the present year, and the increasing expenses of his own fashionable establishment, during his residence in London, had made him look with some considerable share of anxiety towards his foreign property, in a hope of its possible increase in value, and of its making some amends for the defection at home. What must have been his distress on this occasion, then, when instead of the fulfilment of his hopes, in the receipt of an ample remittance from his overseer, he received a letter from a friend, whose estates joined those of his wife, informing him that without the immediate removal of the man who was at present employed, whose extravagance and avarice were equally prejudicial to the interests of his employer, and without the immediate presence of himself on the spot, there was no hope of any thing but ruin to the extensive property he possessed. The intelligence was like a thunderbolt to Mr. Lenville, accustomed to all the indulgencies and dissipation of his native country; and was not less severely felt by his lady, whose presence, from the peculiar construction of her father's will, was necessary in case of any material alteration taking place on her estates.

When Mrs. Newburgh entered the room where Mr. and Mrs. Lenville were still sitting with the dispatches before them, which had occasioned them so much uneasiness; the former, who, since receiving the information they contained, had felt the horrors of a prison depending over him, from a numerous train of creditors he was unable to satisfy, looked the picture of silent despair; while the high strain of spirits and overflowing gaiety of his beautiful partner were suddenly absolved in the feelings of maternal fondness, and the distressing idea of either leaving her children, perhaps for years, without a chance of seeing them; or by taking them abroad with her, depriving them of those advantages of education, so peculiarly necessary at their age. Her face was hidden in her handkerchief, and when she raised it on the entrance of her friend, and rose to receive the salutation of one, whose appearance was a general harbinger of comfort, she burst into a fresh torrent of grief, and sunk her head on the shoulder of Mrs. Newburgh.

Mrs. Newburgh led her quietly to the sofa, and seating herself by her side, received from Mr. Lenville the letter which he silently offered her. After perusing its contents, which, though they occasioned some uneasiness to Mrs. Newburgh, gave her the information

which she could ground her offers of consolation, she returned it to the hand of Mr. Lenville, who, now feeling the absolute insufficiency of those desultory principles which had been his boast through a tide of prosperity and independence, and utterly incapable of using those exertions in the hour of adversity, which an earlier conviction of a dependence on Providence, would have dictated to his mind, almost shrunk from a review of the circumstances, a calm reflection on which might probably lead to a favourable result; while painfully feeling the inferiority of his own thoughtless professions of independence, to the principle which had supported a tender and delicate woman through one of the greatest trials her sex is ever exposed to, he looked with respect and veneration at Mrs. Newburgh, expecting from her superiority, both in principle and judgment, that assistance in his present emergency, he had not the resolution to expect, from his own exertions, or the friendly councils of his wife.

"My children, my children," exclaimed Mrs. Lenville, before Mrs. Newburgh had made any observation on the letter just returned to Mr. Lenville; "what will become of them?"

"As to your children," tenderly replied Mrs. Newburgh, "I entreat you to feel perfectly at ease. At

their age, I am sure, you would not allow the [illegible] feelings of a mother, to triumph over those occasioned by a lively wish for their future welfare; and, in this case, my dear Harriet, I trust you will feel confidence enough in my friendship to believe, that, during your absence from England, they will never want the affectionate attentions of one, who will supply, as far as such a deprivation can be supplied, the place of a mother to them for any time it may appear requisite for you to be absent.

Mrs. Lenville pressed the hand of Mrs. Newburgh in return for this assurance, from which she derived a consolation her agitated spirits would not allow her to express; but her immediate fears for the care of her children removed, the probability of her husband being arrested before he could leave the country next presen ed itself to her, with all its attendant horrors; and little accustomed to control the lively feelings which occasionally agitated her frame, she exclaimed in a tone of impassioned grief: "Oh! should my husband"——but a convulsive throbbing in her throat prevented the completion of a sentence, which supposed for the object of her conjugal attachment the confinement and disgrace of a prison.

Mr. Lenville had not yet spoken; he had continued to look with some degree of hope on the countenance of Mrs. Newburgh, which appeared deeply interested in the distress of her friends, till the impassioned grief of his wife had attracted his attention towards her; he had then viewed Mrs. Lenville with a sort of cold dejection which had more of despair than tenderness in it; and when she made the exclamation which was peculiarly addressed to him, he put his hand violently against his forehead, and rising from his seat began pacing up and down the room with hasty and unequal steps.

Mrs. Newburgh felt much internal anguish: not so immediately perhaps from the local distress of her friends, for it appeared to her that with prompt and decisive exertion the unfavourable prospect of their affairs might very speedily be reversed; but from the melancholy effects a change of fortune could so instantly occasion on minds so ill regulated as those of Mr. and Mrs. Lenville. In the former, she trembled to observe more of the mute and horrid despair of the Infidel than the cheerful and humble resignation of the faithful Believer in a wise and superintending Providence: in the latter, she saw the excess of ungovernable passion, instead of the submissive acquiescence of the

Christian. Under this conviction she saw it would be useless to excite exertion, without awakening a dependence on the will of Heaven, and conceived that it would be an indefensible error to elevate with views of worldly prosperity the spirits, which were at one moment fluttered by an excess of feeling, and the next, depressed beyond the possiblity of hope. She advanced therefore towards Mr. Lenville, and offering her hand to him with much expression of concern in her countenance, she drew him gently towards his wife. Mr. Lenville, softened by the delicate tenderness of Mrs. Newburgh, made no resistance to her attempt of leading him towards Mrs. Lenville, and pressed affectionately the hand of his wife, which Mrs. Newburgh substituted for her own: a tear rolled down his cheek, and the feeling of the husband, succeeding to the indifference of the sceptic, gave a promise of deeper impressions on the heart.

Mrs. Newburgh did not fail to take advantage of the impression of the moment; but after a few seconds spent in the indulgence of those pleasing emotions, the scene before her excited, endeavoured to secure the good effects of the feelings already awakened, by leading her friends to that sober reflection and calm reasoning, so necessary under the circumstances of the

present case. She represented in as delicate and tender a manner as possible the necessity of occasional seriousness in the midst of the brightest scenes of life: she added that no confidence of success, or feelings of security could exempt the mind of man from an acknowledged dependence on the will of his Creator.

The truth of these remarks was verified to Mr. and Mrs. Lenville by the feelings they now experienced. Her arguments were employed with such force and at the same time with such tenderness, that while they convinced, they calmed; and while they excited feeling, they moderated anxiety.

The impression, which Mr. Lenville had received at the time of his public thanksgiving in the church, was revived with greater sincerity on the present occasion; while the thoughts of Mrs. Lenville, recurring to the same circumstance, gave increased weight to the arguments of her friend. Mrs. Newburgh, animated and encouraged by the effect she saw produced, redoubled her persuasion and had the satisfaction, at length, of witnessing composure, where violence had been depicted, in the countenance of Mrs. Lenville, and in that of her husband an animated resolution of exertion, instead of the forbidding traces of despair.

This was the first point which Mrs. Newburgh wished to gain, and on which perhaps depended the event of the worldly prosperity of her friends. So true it is, though the consideration is frequently disregarded, that a sense of religion, and a principle of dependance on a Supreme Being, are as beneficial in the arrangement and welfare of our temporal concerns, as they are indispensable in relation to our eternal welfare.

And thus having established the foundation on which every effort for consolation should be laid, she proceeded to lead the conversation towards the immediate and active assistance the exigency of Mr. Lenville's situation required. The first thing that appeared desirable was to secure a retreat from the country, in which, when the derangement of his affairs abroad should become known, it would be unsafe to remain, and only prevent the benefit which would in all probability arise both to himself and his creditors by his appearance on his West Indian estates.

A fleet to that part of the world was shortly expected to sail, and from Mrs. Newburgh's naval connections she had no doubt of ensuring a passage in one of the first ships, which, as it would pass the back of the

island, precluded the necessity of Mr. and Mrs. Lenville's leaving their present residence before the time of sailing.

To forward all the necessary arrangements, a sum of ready money was required, and Mrs. Newburgh on this point also was prompt in her offers of assistance. They were readily and gratefully accepted; and our amiable widow, having used every judicious exertion to calm the spirits and enliven the hopes of her friends, left them for the present to reflect quietly and calmly on the conversation which had been passing between them and herself; and spending a few minutes with Manners, whose weak nerves had suffered considerably from the shock of the morning, she returned to the young party she had left walking on the sea-shore, determining to visit the Lenvilles again in the evening.

CHAP. XXIII.

Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?

YOUNG.



MRS. Newburgh found the young people at her house, whither they had retired soon after she left them, and where they were impatiently expecting her arrival.

"When will papa and mamma go?" exclaimed Louisa with eagerness, as Mrs. Newburgh entered, while the tears again burst from her eyes.

Mrs. Newburgh took the little girl's hand, and begging her for the sake of her father and mother to restrain her emotion and speak as little as possible on the subject, she explained to her that the distress she had witnessed in the morning was occasioned by the ill

conduct of the person her father had employed to manage his property in the West Indies, and that this circumstance obliged both him and her mother to examine into the affair in person; that consequently their absence from England for a short time was positively necessary; but that the interval before their return might not be long; and that, let it extend to whatever distance of time it might, her house should be the home of her little friend and be always open to her brothers during their vacations. This explanation soothed and satisfied both William and Louisa; and Mrs. Newburgh, thinking that their presence would be a comfort to Manners and probably to their father and mother, advised them to return home, promising to see them again in the evening.

The event of the morning had given an uncommon seriousness to the countenance of Mrs Newburgh; and Montague, whose feelings were always alive to the distresses of others, had been so depressed by seeing the grief of his friends William and Louisa, that, contrary to his usual custom, he had not one merry thought for the dinner-table, and the meal passed without any exchange of conversation between him and his mother. He was puzzled also at the sudden necessity there appeared for the absence of Mr. Lenville, and accus-

tomed to share those marks of his mother's confidence, which his inviolable adherence to truth and scrupulous sense of honour had frequently won from her, he longed for the removal of the cloth, and the absence of the servant, that she might have an opportunity of giving him any farther information on the subject, she might think proper. Nor had this opportunity been presented many minutes before Mrs. Newburgh, who never liked to pass over an occasion of deriving a lesson for her son from the example of others, alluded to the misfortune which was suspended over her friends.

"But I always considered Mr. Lenville as a man of great fortune, my dear mother; if so, as he does not appear to live extravagantly, I am surprised that the failure of his remittances from the West Indies should be such a blow on him. Has he not large property in England?"

"Mr. Lenville," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "like many other gentlemen of fortune, has depended too much on his apparently inexhaustible sources of wealth, and too little considered the means by which these sources are to be secured. I have too great reason to think that he has drained his estates in England, till he has almost

undermined their value; while totally neglecting to pay any attention to those of his wife abroad, he has left them to the care of an unprincipled agent, till he finds himself on the brink of ruin. However, I see nothing at all desperate in his worldly affairs. Although he must be subject to much inconvenience for the next few years in recovering the losses to which he has been subject from his own inattention and the ill conduct of his agent, yet in the event I should think, provided he acts with prudence and caution he will not suffer. The chief cause of alarm at present is in case any of the persons, to whom he owes money, should hear of his incapacity to pay his debts, and prevent his departure from England; though I hope, if we are careful how the subject is mentioned except amongst ourselves, as there is likely to be so soon an opportunity of his going abroad, there is no fear that this circumstance will occur. I am sure I need not caution *you*, Montague, to avoid mentioning it, even among your young friends; for rumour is so busy with her hundred tongues, that sometimes it is impossible to be sufficiently on our guard against her attacks."

"You may depend on my caution, I assure you, my dear mother; but since you describe the distress of Mr. and Mrs. Leaville to be so great, and it appears to be

so *easily* remedied, was it quite right," asked Montague, in a hesitating voice, "to suffer their emotions on the occasion to be so violent, as they appear to have been? William and Louisa gave me such a sad account of the distress of their father and mother, that I expected to hear a very different occasion for grief than that you have just now explained to me,———the death probably of a very near and dear relation, or the total ruin of their fortune. This is not as you bear misfortune, dear mother," added Montague, while as he uttered the last words, he looked affectionately at her and pressed her hand.

A tear swam in the eyes of Mrs. Newburgh: "I have always *endeavoured* Montague," replied she, "to bear misfortune as a Christian; and in the many instances, in which I have, no doubt, failed in this great duty, I trust allowances will be made by the POWER, who only strikes in mercy and will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able to bear. I am not sorry that you have made this remark on your friends, my dear boy; for in doing it, I trust that you evince the proper sense you entertain, of a submissive acquiescence in the events of life. It was this idea, much more than that of their pecuniary embarassments, which disturbed me in my visit to them this morning; and I wish that this,

with many other examples you will meet with in society, may prove to you the truth of those precepts on the subject, which you learnt even with the first opening of your reasoning faculties."

"If the *young* man forgets his God, the *old* one will seldom find in him the staff of age; if in the pride and flush of health we omit to call on the name of Him, from whom we possess the vigour of life, in the hour of sickness what comfort can we have in approaching his Majesty? And if in the full enjoyment of every species of prosperity, the world and its pleasures afford, we neglect to pause in the midst of our enjoyment, to acknowledge the giver of all good gifts, with what heart can we in the hour of adversity fly for protection to divine goodness? In conversing with our friends this morning, as I could not but observe the distressing state of their feelings under their present misfortune, I ventured, though with some caution, to impress the necessity of practising those religious duties in every situation of life, which from all are requisite to be observed. I trust the efforts I made were not in vain: they both appeared moved by the arguments I made use of, and if the impression is a permanent one, this little visitation may prove one of the greatest blessings it has pleased the Almighty to bestow on them.' I left them

much more comfortable than I found them, and I hope when we visit them presently, their minds will be still more composed."

"Shall we drink tea at Mr. Lenville's this evening," asked Montague?

"Yes," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "and as there will be many things to arrange with them, which cannot be too soon thought of, we may as well go early; are you ready now?"

"Quite," replied Montague, jumping up and ringing the bell.

Mrs. Newburgh soon rejoined her son, and they proceeded to Mr. Lenville's cottage.

CHAP. XXIV.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth that shuns too strong a light.

LYTTLETON.

MRS. Newburgh had the satisfaction of finding her friends in as calm a state of mind as she could expect, after the agitation into which they had been thrown in the morning; and in the course of a few days every preparation was made, necessary for their safe departure from England. The West India fleet, in which they were to sail, was hourly expected, and Montague's yacht was in readiness to convey them on board.

When Mrs. Newburgh, to relieve the mind of Mrs. Lenville, had given her promise of being her substitute towards her children during her absence from England, she did it in the sincerity of a wish to be serviceable both to them and their parents. On reflecting upon

the importance of the charge she had undertaken, she did not repent of the promise she had made; but, on the contrary, looked forward with much pleasure to the task of being the constant and uninterrupted instructress of her little favourite Louisa: but, as she was perfectly aware, how very widely her own ideas of female education differed from those of many mothers of the present day, she was willing that Mrs. Lenville, before she left her child under her management, should be aware of the plan she should conceive herself bound to adopt in the education of her daughter; without her acquiescence in which, although her care of her in other respects should be the same, her education must be intrusted to another.

"In this age, my dear Harriet," said Mrs. Newburgh to Mrs. Lenville, "in almost all seminaries of the higher class, and in families where the education of girls is intrusted to the superintendence of a governess, accomplishments are not only the first things thought of, but frequently studied to the exclusion of many others of infinitely greater importance. But the plan appears to me so erroneous, and indeed, I have seen so many instances in which it has ultimately occasioned consequences fatally connected with the happiness of young people, that I have always determined, should I

ever have any girls, to reverse the general practice on this point in regard to them. A daughter I never had, and therefore the resolutions formed on a consideration of this subject have never been called into practice. They are likely to be so now, however, in the self-appointed management of your little girl; but as I am aware that there may be some points in which you may not agree with me in this very important affair, I think it is quite right, before you finally give her over to my management, that you should perfectly understand the foundation on which I mean to work, and that you feel quite satisfied, you will experience no disappointment on your return from the West Indies to find in your little girl none of those accomplishments which a father and mother are apt to feel a pride in seeing displayed in their children, and which, in the general acceptation of the world, are considered absolutely necessary for every genteel young woman to acquire."

When first Mrs. Newburgh began speaking, Mrs. Lenville felt so sincerely grateful to her for the readiness, with which she undertook the care of her little girl, that to doubt of the means by which her kindness was to be ensured to her child would have appeared an injustice offered to her friend, and she would have prevented Mrs. Newburgh proceeding, by an assurance

that she should be satisfied with whatever plan her friend should think proper to pursue; but, when the probability was represented of her finding her lovely girl deficient in those accomplishments of the age, on her return home, she had looked on as so important, which her husband considered so essential, and in which Mrs. Newburgh had commenced her instruction during the last winter months, it must be confessed Mrs. Lenville felt an uneasiness she could not avoid expressing. She hesitated, as her friend looked up to observe the effect of her last remark on her countenance, and she at length said:

"And are you really serious, my dear Louisa, when you say that you object to my little girl being accomplished? Surely there can be no harm in her lèarning music and drawing, and those other elegant acquirements, without which girls in her situation of life are scarcely thought tolerable?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "and you have very much mistaken me, if you have drawn this inference from what I have said. If a girl has a taste for music or any other accomplishment, and possesses a talent, she will do well to improve, to as great an extent as circumstances will allow, provided it does

not interfere with duties and pursuits of higher moment. But what I contend for is this; that there is great impropriety in making artists and professors of girls, in a situation of life in which they are elevated above the idea of making these acquirements useful in their maintenance, instead of teaching them how to fulfil the various relations of life, in which they may be called on successively to act. I am convinced that many a parent has missed the attentions of a daughter, whose time has been half devoted to the study of the piano forte or the harp; the affection of a brother has frequently not only cooled, but been directed to unworthy objects, from observing the preference of a sister to follow with enthusiasm the study of any favourite nothing, to giving him a portion of her time, feeling an interest in his amusements, or joining him in his walks or rides; many a doating husband has been disgusted at seeing the time which should have been given to him as the pledge of fondness, employed in studying the compounds of colours, or rubbing their brilliant tints upon the pallet; while the infant frequently loses the nurse which nature has given her, the lisping boy the benefit of early instruction, and the youth left to follow the dangerous course of his own inclinations, for the sake of affording their thoughtless and inconsiderate mother an opportunity of giving to

her piano forte or her easel those moments, which should have been appropriated to the temporal and eternal happiness of her offspring."

"In my opinion the education of the present day begins where it should end; the very foundation, on which every species of instruction ought to be laid, is little thought of; while those glittering ornaments, only valuable as they tend to the general beauty of the whole, and to be considered rather as the pleasing appendages of the superstructure than constituent parts of its original plan, injudiciously assume an importance which their intrinsic merit cannot warrant, and usurp a greater portion of the invaluable blessing of time, than is consistent with the many important duties which exist for its employment."

Mrs. Lenville looked tenderly at Mrs. Newburgh. "You are right," said she, and I yield to your better judgment on this as on many other snbjects, yet I hope that should Louisa show any——"

"You may depend on my repressing no talent I see in your child," said Mrs. Newburgh, "for I never would repress one in my own. But as in undertaking the care of her education I mean to discharge the

duties of the trust as conscientiously as I should strive to do, were she my daughter, I considered that it would be more satisfactory to us both, that you should know what were my leading views on this subject, and that you should understand, that although I am willing to give to every accomplishment its proper merit in the formation of the female character, I am far from supposing any one acquirement ranked under this general denomination, as *necessary* to form a woman completely amiable and attractive. Farther than this, I consider the appropriation of time to the acquisition of accomplishment, unless a decided taste is shewn towards its attainment, to say the lightest of it, a gross error in judgment; and where there is a taste, to sacrifice more to it than can be spared from more essential pursuits, worse than error in principle. In short, my dear friend," continued Mrs. Newburgh, "the first step in education must be that of forming the Christian, and the English mother has no possible excuse for neglecting to lay this foundation for the welfare of her child. Whether the object of her maternal solicitude be a boy or a girl, with whatever expectations born, or for whatever profession designed, a moment's reflection must make it evident that there can be no doubt how to begin the important task of education. From the moment they are received into the bosom of our ex-

cellent establishment, they have a claim, even beyond that of nature, on those from whom they receive their birth; and the highest temporal advancement, or the greatest splendour of accomplishments, cannot atone to them for the loss of early religious principles."

"Fleets must be commanded, and armies headed; our drawing-rooms must be ornamented with female grace and elegance, but from the quarter-deck, from the camp, or from the drawing-room, why should the Christian be excluded? With this principle in view, I have always endeavoured to act: it has been the foundation of the education I am giving my own boy, and it must be the same, if I undertake its management, on which that of your daughter shall rest."

Mrs. Newburgh here ceasing, looked at her friend for her answer, and received the hand that was offered her with sincere delight.

"You cannot doubt my determination," said Mrs. Lenville; "make my Louisa as amiable as yourself, and I will forgive you, if she neither dances, plays, nor draws."

Her emotion scarcely allowed her to utter these words, when, leaving the room, she retired to her own, and Mrs. Newburgh shortly after to her cottage.

The morning after this conversation, at dawn part of the West India fleet appeared, and the ship, on board which the passage of Mr. and Mrs. Lenville was taken, came in sight about noon. The baggage, which had been previously conveyed on board the yacht, was immediately forwarded to its destination, when the sailors reported to Mr. and Mrs. Lenville that it was necessary they should sail immediately.

The parting as might be expected was affecting. Mrs. Newburgh remained on shore with the young people, who were from this time to look to her for protection during the temporary absence of their parents; while Montague accompanied his friends to the Indiaman, and did not bid them adieu, till the signal was given for sailing. He then returned to his yacht, and joined with his mother in relieving the agitated feelings of their young friends.

CHAP. XXV.

———He hearty waves
His last adieu, and loos'ning ev'ry sheet,
Resigns the speeding vessel to the wind.

THOMSON

IN a few days after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Lenville, their children recovered their spirits, and the remainder of the boys' vacation passed away pleasantly and rapidly. Manners, whose weak frame had suffered from the late distress in his family, recovered his strength and activity under the watchful eye of Mrs. Newburgh, while daily excursions on the water, both increased his health and confirmed the removal of his fears connected with that element. Montague's yacht was become such a favourite, that the appearance of each setting sun and the opening dawn of the following morning were eagerly watched by all the young party in the hope of seeing them prognosticate fair weather and prosperous breezes. The party generally set sail about noon, and frequently taking their provisions on board did not return home

till the grey twilight darkened the cliffs on shore, and the western sky was losing its last mellow tints.

When Mr. Carlton could allow the time from his regular parochial duties, he joined the merry group of his young friends, and added to their enjoyment by the good humour and gaiety, with which he joined in their sprightly conversation and childish gambols. The lovely, but retiring Mrs. Carlton, in whom Mrs. Newburgh on a closer intimacy found all the requisites for the formation of a refined and sincere friendship, on these occasions was her constant and enlightened companion; while her little girl, whose daily improvements were a source of constant amusement to the whole circle, enjoyed the cooling breezes of the sea, and sported alternately with every individual in the happy group, till she frequently sunk exhausted to sleep on the lap of her tender mother.

The painter might give his attention to many subjects for the exercise of his pencil, and might not always find one more interesting than that before us: however, these happy parties were not to last for ever. Hours of relaxation are necessary from all employment, but they must be confined to stated and periodical times. The vacation of William and Manners was drawing to

its close, and Mrs. Newburgh was anxious that her own son and her new charge should apply again to more regular and constant employment. The morning of the last excursion arrived: the light clouds, which had hung over the bosom of the ocean when the boys first left their bed-chambers, had vanished; the mist which skirted the horizon had gradually disappeared, and the sun, bursting from the vapours in which from its rising it had been enveloped, shed its lustre over the surrouding scenery. The party assembled at breakfast in Mrs. Newburgh's cottage hailed its appearance with a glow of pleasure and satisfaction, when Montague, in the joy of the moment, hastily running to the window begged Louisa to fetch him the telescope. His eye, which was always remarkable for a distant and accurate observation, had descried a ship in full sail at a distance, and it was always one of his amusements to endeavour discovering the size and freight of all the vessels that passed.

"She is a sloop of war, is not she?" said Montague, addressing Mr. Carlton, to whom he offered the glass.

"I think she is a frigate," replied Mr. Carlton; "but we shall have an opportunity of ascertaining the point with some accuracy when we are on the water, for she has just let down her anchor."

"Indeed," exclaimed Montague, with eagerness, and again taking the glass from Mr. Carlton; "ah! and she is now putting off her eight oared boat. Her captain must be some friend of my mother," continued he, turning to Mrs. Newburgh, and offering her the glass.

Mrs. Newburgh looked for a few minutes, then tottering as she returned to her sea , from the agitation of renewed emotion, exclaimed, "it is our kind friend, Admiral Courley."

Montague took his mother's hand, and putting his arm round her neck, affectionately kissed her cheek.

Mrs. Newbur h was not unmindful of the attention of her son, and hiding on his shoulder the tear which started from her eye, quickly recovered her composure.

"Go, and receive our best friend," said she to Montague; "run to the shore, my child, for I have no doubt but that he is leaving the ship with an intention of paying us a visit." Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, she said; "Admiral Courley, the gentleman we are speaking of, was the first and most intimate friend of my husband."

Montagne did not wait a second request from his mother to run to the sea-shore; and Mrs. Newburgh's short explanation to her friends was sufficient to convince them how interesting a visitor Admiral Courley must prove. They would have retired before his arrival, but Mrs. Newburgh requested they would not, saying that she was sure Admiral Courley would be very happy to be introduced to any of her friends.

The naval veteran arrived on shore a few minutes after his young friend reached the edge of the water, and immediately recognizing the representative of his own Montague Newburgh, as he always called the late captain, shook him heartily by the hand, and introduced him to a young man who accompanied him from the boat.

"The son of your old captain, Berkeley," said Admiral Courley to the fine young naval officer, who stood by his side.

"Captain Berkeley, my boy," added he to Montague.

"Oh! I remember him," briskly replied Montague, and taking the Captain Berkeley's proffered hand; "he

gave me my little dog, Prince; but he was then, I believe, only a midshipman, in my dear father's ship."

"A few years have made some alteration in you both," observed Admiral Courley, as he took an arm of each of his companions; "in you, Montague, from a little helpless child, to a lad of strength and spirit; in you, Berkeley, from the subordinate situation of a midshipman, to the rank of a captain in his Majesty's navy. Though there is some difference in your age, I hope that will be no impediment to your being very good friends. Captain Berkeley was a great favourite of your dear father, Montague."

"Quite sufficient reason to make me hope I shall be one of his," replied Montague, turning towards Captain Berkeley.

"If I were not otherwise disposed to like you, my young friend," said Captain Berkeley, "the idea of your being a son of Captain Newburgh, would be quite sufficient to compel me to do so."

"But we have not heard a word of your dear mother, my boy," said Admiral Courley; "how are her spirits? —tolerably composed?"

"Yonder she comes," replied Montague, "anxious to see you, I know, sir; for I believe she has not a friend on earth she values so highly."

"She is a woman of a thousand," replied his friend, "and you are a lucky fellow, my boy, to have such a mother. My dear madam, I am rejoiced to see you," continued he to Mrs. Newburgh, who now joined them; "and congratulate you on the improved appearance of our young sailor."

"My dear Sir," replied Mrs. Newburgh, taking the arm which the Admiral offered, "nothing would have given me more pleasure than this visit, and I am delighted you are inclined to think so favourably of my boy. He is every thing, I assure you, that my fondest wishes could suggest, and I trust he will not be less dear to you, Sir, than to me, from his great resemblance to my——"

The word husband was inarticulately pronounced, but Admiral Courley supplied its place, and pressing the hand of his lovely friend, anxious to check her rising emotion, turned back to Captain Berkeley who was following with Montague, and presented him to Mrs. Newburgh.

"Forgive me, Berkeley, if I have been rude to you," said he gaily to the captain; "but really the sight of an old friend makes me forget every other consideration than that I am a sailor."

Mrs. Newburgh received the young man with much pleasure as the friend of her late husband, and congratulated him on his promotion. The party now arrived at the cottage; and after a general introduction breakfast was prepared for the two visitors.

Admiral Courley now informed his friends that having just been appointed to take the command of a fleet on a foreign station he had determined to take a peep at them in passing the back of the island; for which purpose he had hastened his period for sailing, and having hoisted his flag on board Captain Berkeley's ship, they had determined to put off to the shore, and invite Mrs. Newburgh and Montague to return on board with them for a few hours. The additions he found to the party at the cottage increased the wishes of Admiral Courley to put his little scheme into effect, and as he saw the sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks occasioned by the proposal he was making, he looked at Mrs. Newburgh to learn if her consent might be easily obtained. Her smile gave a willing approbation,

and as the ship's boat was not considered large enough to accommodate the party, Montague was made completely happy by the consent of his valued friend to return to his ship on board his yacht.

The happy party set off very soon after breakfast, and long before their arrival at the ship, Admiral Courley was on terms of intimacy not only with young Newburgh, whom he considered in the light of a son, but also with his three young companions.

Admiral Courley, in whatever society he appeared, was the general favourite of the circle. He was at this time nearly sixty years of age; but the regularity and temperance, by which he had preserved a naturally good constitution, took off full ten years in his external appearance. Having from his well-known naval skill been in constant employ from his first entering his profession, his features had acquired a hardness, and his complexion a darkened hue, the natural consequences of frequent changes of air and climate; but the constant smile of benevolence and good-humour prevented any unfavourable impression from these local disadvantages. His education had been well-principled, not refined; rather calculated to improve the heart, than polish the manners: yet, in his communica-

tion with men of his own profession, and with the inferiors on board his ship, he had much of the bluntness and natural humour so characteristic of the most common British seaman, he wanted not much of the politeness, certainly none of the feeling as characteristic of the English naval officer.

The delight of the young people on arriving at the sloop may be more easily imagined than expressed; to all of whom, excepting Montague, the scene was perfectly new, but he had frequently been introduced to such by his father, and the remembrance of the fondness with which he had been accustomed to explain every thing that appeared unintelligible to his young capacity, before he was so versed in naval affairs as he was now, occasioned him more than once, as he performed the same office to his young friends, to brush off the tear which was starting from his eye.

Mrs. Newburgh felt a severe pang as she first entered the sloop, but quickly recovering herself she entered cheerfully into the amusements of the day, which passed very agreeably, and much too rapidly for the wishes of some of the party. At length, when the sun-set gun was heard from the harbour of Portsmouth, Admiral Conley with some reluctance informed his friends that

his anchor must be weighed in the course of half an hour. The young Lenvilles, who had never seen this ceremony, appearing anxious to stay till that time, their wishes were complied with; when taking leave of Admiral Courley, Captain Berkeley, and the other officers of the ship, the party left the sloop and returned in the yacht to the shore.

"Be on the watch, my boy," said the veteran to Montague, as he shook hands with him at parting; "for I shall not leave you idling here much longer, if you continue to run squares with the top-mast, as you have done since I last saw you."

"I shall always be ready to attend your summons, Sir," replied Montague, delighted as he looked forward to the day when he should join the friend of his father, and enter the profession to which he was so anxious to belong.

"Mrs. Newburgh felt both the pride and the tenderness of a mother, when she heard this reply of her son. Montague saw her contending emotions, and taking her hand with warmth pressed it to his lips.

The shades of night hid the retiring sloop from the eyes of those who watched her from the shore; the yacht was returned to her moorings; and the mother and her son, having taken leave of their friends for the night, retired to rest under the blessing of Providence.

CHAP. XXVI.

O thou, whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathless po'wrs protect my son!

POPE'S ILIAD.

THE time was now arrived when William and Manners Lenville were to return to their academy. Mrs. Newburgh gave them in charge to her servant Barlow, to see them safely to their destination, and taking an affectionate leave of the youths she applied again to the regular instruction of her remaining charges.

The winter was now setting in, and Montague's yacht, which had been so great a source of amusement during the summer months, was drawn up upon the sands till the return of the spring. The water excursions yielded to long rambles on the shore, or over the neighbouring cliffs and hills; and when the snow fell, or the ground was hardened by frost, additional sources of exercise and amusement offered themselves to the hardy and courageous Montague. Few boys of his age could stand so firmly on his skates as he did, few could guide with

more dexterous agility, the light sledge which he had constructed during the continuance of the frost to convey Louisa along the sands. The lads of the neighbouring hamlets would flock towards the shore to see this little exhibition of Master Newburgh's, and Montague was frequently good-natured enough to allow some of them to guide his little vehicle, while he took his place in it.

Mrs. Newburgh, in directing the education of Louisa, pursued the plan she had marked out in her conversation with Mrs. Lenville, making it her care to build her hopes of happiness on the principles of that pure Christianity, established in the Church of England. With a naturally good disposition, the child was open to every impression made by the hand of kindness, and received all the instructions of Mrs. Newburgh, with frankness and docility. She gave her the Latin grammar as the means of acquiring a correct knowledge of language, purposing to continue or not her progress in that tongue, as her inclination might point out: to the study of history and geography, inseparably connected in their views, she made her apply immediately, and exercised her extensive faculties by obliging her to commit to memory pieces of poetry from those authors, unexceptionable in style, and pure in moral principle. She instantly decided on her never attempting music,

for with a pleasing voice she had scarcely any ear; and although she shewed an early taste for drawing, she was cautious of encouraging it to a greater extent than was consistent with pursuits of more importance.

By thus pleasingly varying their occupations, the little families at the cottage under the cliff did not find the winter months hang heavily. The Lenvilles, who past their Christmas vacation at this retreat, joined happily in all the employments and amusements of our young sailor, and the favourable accounts received from the West Indies of their father and mother removed every anxiety on their account.

The Lenvilles had returned to school after their vacation about a week, when one very frosty day, after a deeper fall of snow than usually happens so near the sea, as Montague was placing his sledge under the cover prepared for it, Louisa's little dog Prince frisking towards him took hold of the end of his trowsers, and endeavoured to draw him from the spot where he stood. He considered that the dog was only wishing to engage in one of his accustomed games of play, therefore giving the little animal a smart rebuff he proceeded to place his sledge under its covering, and was then returning to the house.

The dog, however, contrary to his usual practice of ceasing to play when he was corrected, continued his importunities, pulling violently by every part of Montague's dress he could reach, and then running off a few paces returned again to the attack. Montague, at length, began to suspect there was something unusual in the dog's manner, and though it was getting dusk and the snow was again beginning to fall, he resolved to go and discover the reason of the dog's importunity. Immediately as he turned to follow him, Prince showed his joy at the determination by a variety of frisking gambols, and bounding on before him very soon led him to some distance from the house.

Mrs. Newburgh, who saw this little incident from the window at which she was standing, considered it only as a trick of the dog's to entice Montague to a game of play, and turned from the window as they went out of sight, laid by her work, and told Louisa it was time to dress for dinner. The little girl, who was busily employed in arranging her doll's wardrobe, immediately attended the summons, and was ready when the dinner-bell rang to meet her friend in the dining parlour.

"Where is Master Newburgh, John?" said Mrs. Newburgh to the servant, as he stood prepared to say grace.

"I don't, know, madam," replied John; "I supposed he was in his own room, but I will step and see," continued he, as he went out of the room.

"Where can Montague be?" said Louisa; "he is always so careful never to keep you waiting a moment."

"I cannot conceive where he can be," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "we saw him go out with Prince, you know, love; but I have no doubt but that he is returned. Is Master Newburgh coming, John?" said she to the servant, who entered the room again at the moment.

"No, madam," replied John; "he is no where at home, nor any where about the house; and it is quite dark, and snows very hard."

Mrs. Newburgh *felt* all the uneasiness that the kind hearted footman *looked*, but calmly saying that she dared say he would return in a few minutes, and fearful of exhibiting any unreasonable fear at the idea

of a boy of between eleven and twelve years old being exposed to a little bad weather, and the inconvenience of returning home in the dark, she took her place at the dinner table, and began to carve the dish before her.

But her attempt to be comfortable was fruitless: her son was so scrupulously punctual at all times, so careful not to occasion her any alarm by extending his absence from her a moment after he was expected at home; the vicinity of Shanklin Chine, the slippery state of the roads, the darkness of the night, all appeared to her imagination as probable occasions of accident. Though she cut the piece of meat she had put upon her plate, she sickened as she lifted it to her mouth; while poor little Louisa, who eagerly watched the turns of Mrs Newburgh's countenance, burst into tears, as she saw it so impressed with alarm.

The footman again spoke: "had not we better go out with a lantern, Madam?"

"Send Barlow hither," replied Mrs. Newburgh, recovering her composure, and again the mistress of her feelings.

But Barlow was already gone accompanied by Peter Hopkins in search of their young master, and as John begged his mistress' permission to join in the search, she excused his attendance from the room, and the dinner remained untouched on the table.

Three heavy hours passed slowly away, and no intelligence arrived to Mrs Newburgh either of her son, or of the servants whom she had sent in search of him; during which time it is impossible to describe the agonized feelings which oppressed the bosom of the widowed mother, alternately sinking under the idea of some dreadful accident having happened to her child, then again supported under the apprehended affliction by a full confidence in the goodness and providence of God. Every thing that could be, was done for his discovery and safety; messengers had been dispatched in every direction thoughout the neighbourhood, but no tidings were yet received from any quarter.

She hesitated many times whether she should join in the search, or not; she wished to do it, but doubted the possible use of taking such a step: overcome, at length, however by her anxiety, she could not prevail with herself to remain longer in the house; therefore taking her large boat-cloak to cover her from the cold,

and a lantern to guide her through the darkness, she prepared to go in search of her beloved boy. She left the house and crossed the shrubbery; when, stopping a moment to listen to a quick and light footstep, which approached her from the shore, she received the object of all her tenderness breathless in her arms.

The gate supported the mother, or she would have fallen, overcome by the sudden transition from grief to joy; and the son was so completely out of breath with the exertion of running, that for some moments he could not speak.

"Oh! my dearest mother," at length exclaimed the affectionate boy; "nothing but such an accident as this could have induced me to cause you so much uneasiness; but when you hear the occasion, I am sure you will not regret having suffered for a few hours. But pray let us return to the house; you will take cold," added he tenderly, while he encircled her with his arm, and led her back through the gate.

Mrs. Newburgh now found relief in tears, and clasping her son's hand between her own accompanied him back to the house, silently breathing a prayer to Heaven for the relief afforded to her fears.

"And where have you been, my dear boy?" said Mrs. Newburgh, when Montague had led her to the sofa; "what has happened to you?"

"Nothing to me, dear mother," replied Montague, "but you shall hear."

He then proceeded to inform her that, attracted by the persevering attempts of Prince to draw him out of the shrubbery, he at length went with him, not supposing hatt he would take him far beyond the house: however he proceeded farther and farther, till it got so dark that he could scarcely see his hand before him.—He would then have returned and endeavoured to find his way home, but the dog set up such a piteous howl when he attempted to do so that he was convinced there was some meaning in his efforts to lead him on. He proceeded, therefore, till the dog stopping short licked his hand and prevented his proceeding by taking hold of the end of his trowsers with his teeth as he had done before. It was impossible to see what the object was by which it now appeared the attention of the dog had been attracted to this spot; but on groping on the sand, for they continued close to the sea-shore, he at length found a man extended with his face upwards and his arms folded across his breast. On putting his

ear down Montague found that the unfortunate man still breathed, but the respiration was very faint, and he was, to judge from the stiffness of his limbs, absolutely dying from the severity of the cold.

Montague was at a loss for a moment how to proceed: the poor fellow who lay at his feet might be saved if he could gain assistance; but without, it was next to impossible any thing could be done for him. His own strength was insufficient to move him from the ground, much less to carry him towards any cottage, and as far as he could judge from the time employed in coming to the spot, it must have been two or three miles from his mother's cottage.

Montague was for a moment inclined to despond; but instantly recollecting the frequent admonitions of his mother, he sunk down on his knees and imploring the assistance of Heaven proceeded to rub the hands and temples of his helpless and exhausted fellow-creature; Prince, the whole time running round and round, now licking the cheeks of the man, then barking as if to call further assistance. The poor fellow seemed to revive under the friction which Montague used; but what would have been the event, if the barking of the dog had not attracted Mrs. Newburgh's servants to the spot,

it would be impossible to say. As soon as they arrived Montague gave his charge over to their care, directing them to convey him as speedily as possible to his mother's cottage; then taking a lantern from one of them ran hastily on before to relieve by his appearance the anxiety, he had no doubt his mother was suffering on his account.

Montague had scarcely finished the narration, which was so gratifying to the feelings of the mother, when Barlow entered the room to say that the object of his young master's solicitude was safely arrived, and in a few moments according to Mrs. Newburgh's orders he was brought into the room by Peter Hopkins and the footman.

When Montague had arrived at the spot where lay his fellow creature in distress, the idea of the situation in life he might hold had not once occurred to him; nor when he left his servants with directions to be as expeditious as possible in transporting the sinking man to the house of his mother, had he any curiosity to learn whether or not he was in prosperous circumstances. Had he thought on the subject, in all probability he would have concluded against the latter surmise, and have supposed that he was exercising his benevolence

to some sea-faring man, who was suffering from the inclemency of the weather, or possibly to some hapless wanderer of more uncertain destiny. Consequently, he felt some little surprise when Barlow, immediately after informing him of the arrival of the stranger, added, "I can't think how he came in this state, sir; for he certainly is a gentleman."

Mrs. Newburgh and Montagne both moved towards the door on the entrance of their servants with the "gentleman," as Barlow had styled him, and assisting them to lay him on the sofa proceeded to unbutton a large great coat which was folded over his bosom. The truth of Barlow's remark was immediately substantiated by the appearance of a handsome military uniform, while his person was instantly identified by little Louisa, who bursting into a passionate flood of tears exclaimed, as she threw herself on her knees by the sofa:

"My uncle, my uncle!"

Mrs. Newburgh had never seen Colonel Manners, the brother of Mrs. Leaville; but the testimony of the child was sufficient to convince her that he now lay before her, and it may be easily imagined that the

circumstance of the stranger proving to be the brother of her friend did not lessen her anxiety on his account. She gently removed his little neice from his side, who continued sobbing and crying out for her uncle; then, that every freedom to respiration might be given which the distressing state of the patient seemed to require, she opened his regimental coat, and discovered the occasion of the faintness to proceed from loss of blood. The bandages from an apparently recent wound were removed, and the white waistcoat appeared to have been dipped in the same dye as the scarlet coat.

Mr. Bolton, who had been sent for, did not arrive; and Mrs. Newburgh was obliged to exert the little surgical skill she possessed to supply the place of a more practised hand. This would have been a severe trial for her, had she been aware how closely the wound before her resembled that, which had deprived her of her husband. It was situated within an inch of the vital parts: the other had been more fatally directed. Mrs. Newburgh, in her alacrity to be of assistance when she saw it was required, lost no time in forming painful conjectures on drawing comparisons which might have been groundless. She replaced with the wished for success the bandages to the parts from which they had been torn; and a gradual warmth being restored to his

whole frame, the Colonel soon recovered sufficiently to make some observations on the group by which he was surrounded. His little niece, whose distress was by this time somewhat moderated, again crept towards her uncle, who immediately recognizing her gave her a faint embrace.

But Colonel Manners still continued in so debilitated a state that, although he was obviously interested to learn to whom he was indebted for the attentions he was receiving, he had no strength to make or answer any inquiries Mrs. Newburgh, therefore, forbore pressing him into conversation; but addressing her maid desired that a bed might be immediately prepared for the accommodation of Colonel Manners.

The Colonel drawing a deep sigh silently turned a look of gratitude on his kind hostess; and when he was informed that the bed was prepared for his reception he pressed the hand of Mrs. Newburgh, then of her son, and tenderly kissing the cheek of his little niece, was led to his apartment without uttering a word. Louisa's tears flowed afresh; Montague looked sad; and Mrs. Newburgh began to be particularly uneasy at not having had it in her power to obtain the advice of a

surgeon for Colonel Manners, when Mr. Bolton entered and with him Mr. Carlton.

"I have heard of the alarm you have been in, my dear madam," said Mr. Carlton as he entered, and gave his hand to Mrs. Newburgh; "and am sorry to find that although it has ceased for your son, you have still reason to feel it for another."

"Thank you for the kindness of this visit," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "I assure you I am very uneasy on account of the gentleman my son had the happiness to assist this evening; and it is quite a relief to me to see you. Perhaps, you will accompany Mr. Bolton up-stairs?"

Mr. Carlton gave his assent, and hearing from Mrs. Newburgh the few particulars she knew relative to the brother of her friend left the room with that gentleman.

Mr. Bolton, who united with professional skill a compassionate heart, proceeded with great tenderness to examine the wound which had appeared so alarming to Mrs. Newburgh; and immediately pronouncing it to be by no means dangerous, proceeded with some caution to put a few questions respecting it to his patient.

The Colonel looking with a distressed air at the servant who attended on him, hesitated in giving an answer. Mr. Carlton, observing this, gave a signal to Barlow to retire, when Colonel Manners at length spoke:

"To which of you two gentlemen am I to express my gratitude for the assistance afforded me by an amiable woman, whom I imagine to be the wife of one of you? Which of you has the happiness of being father to the lad, to whose benevolence I find I am indebted for my preservation from death?"

Mr. Carlton, perceiving Colonel Manners's mistake, replied that the lady under whose roof he now was, was unconnected with either him or Mr. Bolton, but by acquaintance or friendship, being the widow of a naval officer and residing with her son in the island.

"May I ask her name?" inquired Colonel Manners; "for it was to the house of a lady of that description that I was proceeding, when, faint from the renewed effusion of blood, I lost the management of my horse, and the spirited beast alarmed at the falling snow, and impatient of confinement rushed hastily forwards, and threw me on the spot where I was discovered by the generous son of your friend. Will you oblige me with her name?"

"Newburgh," replied Mr. Carlton.

"My dear sir," eagerly exclaimed Colonel Manners; "will you let me see her immediately? She is the most intimate friend of my only sister, with whom I had hoped to pass a short absence from military duties in the renewal of those reciprocal affections, a long residence abroad has interrupted, instead of which, on my arrival on shore my ear is pained by the recital of——"

The emotion of Colonel Manners occasioning a short pause, Mr. Bolton, who found that the subject on which he was entering was of a domestic nature, calmly begging his patient to keep himself as quiet as possible during the night, withdrew, and reporting to Mrs. Newburgh the wish that the gentleman had expressed to see her took his leave for the night. Mr. Carlton, having been made acquainted with the situation of the Lenvilles on their leaving England, did not retire when Mrs. Newburgh entered the room, but supported by his presence the agitated spirits both of her and Colonel Manners.

"I was endeavouring to find your house, my dear madam," said Colonel Manners, on accepting Mrs. Newburgh's offered hand, "when this unfortunate

accident happened; and it was a merciful dispensation of Providence that sent your son to me, when I was sinking very fast under weakness and fatigue. My sister, dearest madam," continued he with much earnestness; "you, of whom her letters have so frequently spoken as the dearest friend of her heart, you can, I trust give me some information respecting her. Her little girl—did I not see her with you just now—tell me—where is her mother?"

Colonel Manners was exhausted by the effort he had made to speak to Mrs. Newburgh, sighing as he ceased; his eye anxiously watched for the answer expected on a subject so interesting to him. Mrs. Newburgh immediately acquainted him with all the circumstances of Mr. and Mrs. Lenville's departure from England, softening as much as possible every incident likely to be painful, and not omitting the favourable accounts she had received, since their arrival in the West Indies.

It is impossible to describe the relief this communication proved to the feelings of Colonel Manners, who, in return would have endeavoured to satisfy the curiosity he doubted not must be awakened, to learn the occasion of his wound, and the general debility in which he lay. But Mrs. Newburgh perceiving the

great exertion it was to her patient to speak, begged he would defer his relation till the morning, and for the present endeavour to gain some rest. Colonel Manners kindly thanked her for her attention, and acquiesced in this arrangement, as well as in that of not seeing his own niece or Mrs. Newburgh's son on that evening, both of whom he had before expressed a wish to have brought into his room.

Mr. Carlton, whom Colonel Manners now found to be the friend of Mrs. Newburgh, received an intimation from him that he should be happy to see him in the morning, with his thanks for the friendly attention which had brought him to his bed-side. To Mrs. Newburgh he expressed the warmth of sincere and grateful friendship, and pressing the hands both of her and Mr. Carlton, as they took leave for the night, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, watched by Barlow, whom Mrs. Newburgh had ordered to continue all night in Colonel Manners's room.

On returning down stairs, Mrs. Newburgh enlivened the young people with the favourable account she brought of her patient, and the tea which was now ordered, proved a very acceptable repast, the dinner having been removed without being touched. Mrs.

Carlton having taken his leave, the evening passed away more cheerfully than a few hours before it had promised to do. During the time which preceded Louisa's going to bed, her companions did all in their power to relieve her fears on account of her uncle and to divert her attention to other subjects; but as she retired early, the conversation of Mrs. Newburgh and her son reverted to the events of the day.

"I never shall forget the sagacity of Prince, mamma," said Montague; "I am sure Louisa will never like to part with him, now he has been so accessary to the preservation of her uncle. How I should have reproached myself if I had not followed him, when he took so much pains to attract my attention."

"The natural instinct of many dogs," replied Mrs. Newburgh, "is truly wonderful; and I believe there is no species more largely endowed with the faculty in question, than that to which our little dog belongs. Many a life has been preserved by the interference of this friend of man; many an accident has been prevented from producing serious consequences, by the surprising readiness with which animals of this kind have been the means of procuring timely assistance; and in the instance of Colonel Manners, I am firmly of

opinion, that had he continued much longer in the situation in which you found him, his declining strength would have reduced him to a state beyond the reach of human assistance."

"How fortunate it was" remarked Montague, "that Prince should have chanced to extend his rambles so far. I should have been happy to have relieved any one in so distressing a situation; but what a delightful reflection it is to find that we have been serviceable to one so nearly connected with our dear Mrs. Lenville."

"Delightful indeed! my child," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "and I am sure Mrs. Lenville's affectionate heart will more than acknowledge any little kindness we may be able to shew her brother. As for you" added she smiling, "I believe I must read you a daily lesson on humility, or all the caresses she will bestow on you will make you quite giddy with vanity; and this would not assist you much in the duties of a sailor."

"No, no, mother," replied Montague with some warmth, "you taught me too early I hope to know the great cause from which proceed all the accidents of life, to place too great confidence in secondary agents."

Mrs. Newburgh placed her hand affectionately on her son's head, as she rose from her work-table to take a book from its place; then added, as she opened it and laid it before her son:

"The merciful interference of Providence in directing the preservation of Colonel Manners, reminds me of an instance recorded by Johnson in his life of Sir Francis Drake, in which his ship was saved by Divine interposition when there appeared no possibility of avoiding shipwreck. It is worthy of a place among your extracts I think, and as it is some time since I read it, you may, if you please, give it me before you transcribe it."

Montague, who was a great admirer of the Doctor's singularities, and frequently amused by his quaint and laconic inferences, thanked his mother for the passage, and immediately read it aloud, and as he concluded, exclaimed with much eagerness, "what a miraculous escape."

"Highly providential, my son," calmly replied Mrs. Newburgh; "but I doubt of the propriety of *your* epithet on this occasion. We are to acknowledge the merciful interposition of Providence in any escape from ex-

traordinary dangers; but we are not authorized either to expect miracles or to give to these instances of Divine goodness in our behalf a title we are not warranted in ascribing to them. But are you not wishing for bed?" continued she, placing her work in her work-box; "I assure you I feel some fatigue after the anxiety of the evening."

Montague was not sorry to take advantage of his mother's hint; and Mrs. Newburgh, after hearing a satisfactory account from the bed-chamber of Colonel Manners, embraced her son who accompanied her up-stairs; and imprinting a kiss on the cheek of the sleeping Louisa, retired to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them, like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

SHAKSPEARE.

LOUISA slept soundly through the night; but waking with the first dawn that appeared through the window curtains, she turned her thoughts towards her uncle, and she did not wait the summons of Mrs. Newburgh to leave her bed. She was dressed before her friend was awake, when gently drawing aside the curtain of her bed, and seeing that she was yet asleep, she sat down in the chair by her bed-side, anxiously expecting the moment when she might ask her permission to inquire after her uncle.

Mrs. Newburgh did not sleep very soundly, and the quick breathing of the little girl so near her pillow very soon disturbed her slumbers. She put the curtain

farther aside as she awoke, and seeing Louisa said, as she extended her hand to her little friend: "are you up, my love? I fear I have overslept myself."

"It is not late," softly whispered Louisa, "and I am sorry I disturbed you; but I was wishing so much to know how uncle Edward was. May I go and ask Franklin if she has heard, dear Mrs. Newburgh?"

"Go, my love," replied Mrs. Newburgh, pleased at the affectionate concern she evinced for her relation, "and come and tell me what you hear, for I am equally anxious to receive a good account of your uncle."

Louisa kissed Mrs. Newburgh, and immediately taking advantage of the permission given her crept gently along the passage towards her uncle's room, and at the door met Barlow coming out with a tea tray.

Louisa, still on tip-toe, rested her finger lightly on the arm of the servant, and with all the earnestness of affectionate solicitude pointed with the other hand towards the room of her uncle, and looked with a glance of inquiry to his face.

"How is he?" whispered she, "is he awake? Has he slept well? has he taken any breakfast? Could I not see him, Barlow?"

Colonel Manners heard the whisper of a young voice, and calling back the servant asked, who was at the door? Louisa heard the question, and while Barlow re-entered the room, saying, "it is Miss Lenville, sir, inquiring how you are;" she tripped after him, and pressing under the arm of the servant said in a soft tone of voice: "it is I, uncle Edward; may I not come in just for one moment, only for an instant?" continued she, approaching the bed, and leaning anxiously forward.

"Pray come, my sweet girl," tenderly replied her uncle, delighted at the attention of his little niece; "I can speak to you to-day, for, I thank God! I am much better, nearly recovered indeed under the care of your kind friend, and with the assistance of a good night's rest." With these words he put his arm round the neck of the little girl, who pressed towards him, while a tear started into the eye of the soldier who had stood unmoved against the shock of hostile battalions, and borne the brunt of many a hard campaign.

The praises of youth cannot be suspected of being adulterated by flattery, and the eulogies that flow from a heart whose affections are yet unvitiated, can only be the emanations of disinterested truth. The simplicity and warmth with which Louisa, in the course of her conversation with her uncle represented the amiable features which distinguished the character of her friend Mrs. Newburgh, and the good humour and obliging disposition of Montague, spoke eloquently to the heart of her uncle. He was prepared by the representations of his sister for something uncommonly engaging in the manners of her friend: the simple and unsophisticated tribute paid to her virtues by his niece heightened the interest with which he was inclined to receive her. After having allowed Louisa to amuse him for nearly half an hour with her lively chat, alternately on the subjects of "poor dear papa and mamma, her brother Manners, who," as she described him, "was all fire and bluster," and her "brother William, who was meek and gentle as a lamb;" then again of "dear Mrs. Newburgh," and "dear, dear, Montague," he told her with a good-humoured smile, that he was sure she must have talked herself into a good appetite, and desired her to return to her friend with his kind compliments, adding that he hoped she would oblige him, by paying him a visit in the course of the morning.

"Oh! not compliments, uncle," gaily replied Louisa, as she returned to his bed-side, from which she had taken a few steps; "not compliments to dear Mrs. Newburgh; your very best love *I* should think, for I am sure she deserves love from us all."

"Ah! but that would not be quite *etiquette*," replied Colonel Manners, "on so short an acquaintance; but run along, my love, for I fear I have kept you too long from her."

"May I not say love?" again asked Louisa, still hanging between the curtains.

"Away, away, little coaxer," again answered her uncle; and Louisa gently closing the curtains as she said, "yes, it must be love," tripped down to the breakfast-parlour.

The gay manners and sparkling eyes of the little girl explained to Mrs. Newburgh whence she came, and what news she brought of her uncle; and Mrs. Newburgh was amused by the account she gave of his message. Montagne fully entered with his mother into the feelings of his lively friend, and there was more want of appetite than of mirth at the morning repast.

Louisa could not eat a mouthful, the joy of seeing her uncle had so completely disordered her spirits. She continued to stir her milk, as she said, to cool it, long after it was cold enough to be drunk at a draught; and though she persevered in breaking into it twice the quantity of bread she usually ate, she had not the inclination to put a piece into her mouth.

"I remember uncle Edward very well," said she, still continuing her operations on her bread and milk; "but he is not quite so handsome as he was three years ago when he went abroad. His face looks so dark now, and he has not one bit of colour," added she, stroking her own cheek as she spoke, and turning her eye, as its lively expression changed to melancholy, on Montague, who sat next her; "and he used to be what they called such a rattle; but now I think he looks very sad, though he *did* laugh and look a little like himself, while I was talking to him this morning.—Yet I did not think he seemed merry from his heart."

As she finished speaking she dropped her head on Montague's shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Why, Louisa," exclaimed Montague, gently raising her head; "how quickly you change! One instant up

in the skies, in the next endeavouring to creep into one of the deepest and most gloomy caverns you can find." Louisa could not help smiling at his metaphor. "Could you really suppose," continued he "that your uncle would be quite so handsome as you wished to-day, after having seen how very ill he was last night? Do not be alarmed; he will satisfy all your pride again in a day or two, I dare say: and do take a little of this nice bread and milk you have been so long mixing into a pudding; for if you begin the starving plan, you will lose your beauty too."

As he spoke this with good-humoured archness, he took up the spoon with which she had been playing, and lifted it to her mouth. Louisa, however, though restored to cheerfulness by the playful raillery of Montague, felt no inclination to eat; but telling him, as she smiled through her tears, that he had better preserve the beauty of her dog with the mess in dispute. Prince was summoned and made a fine repast on the breakfast of his mistress.

Mrs. Newburgh took little notice of the incident which passed between the young people. Louisa's remark on the sadness to be traced in the features of Colonel Manners, with her own reflections on the pro-

bable occasion of his wound, made her conceive there were some unpleasant circumstances concerning it; and she looked with a considerable portion of anxiety for an explanation on the subject during the approaching interview.

Before Mrs. Newburgh rose from the table, where she sat reflecting on her new friend, Mr. Carlton entered to inquire how the night had been passed, and he was accompanied by his wife and little Mary.

The child immediately ran to the young people, whose attention was good naturedly given to her, and Mrs. Newburgh asked Mr. Carlton if he would accompany her to Colonel Manners's room. That gentleman readily assented, and Mrs. Carlton, proposing to take advantage of a fine clear morning to extend her walk along the sea-shore, Montague and Louisa willingly accompanied her, while Mrs. Newburgh and Mr. Carlton went to Colonel Manners's chamber.

Colonel Manners received his visitors with the air of a man whose feelings acknowledged the attentions which had been shewn him, but whose delicacy prevented him saying much on the subject. He accepted the hand that was offered him from either side of his

bed, and after repeating the assurances of amendment he had already sent by his niece thus addressed Mrs. Newburgh.

" Although you have, my dear madam, so delicately forbore to express any curiosity, as to the origin of the wound, which but for the timely attentions afforded me by yourself and your son, must have been attended with fatal consequences. I cannot but suppose that you must have formed a desire of knowing how it was occasioned, for you must certainly be aware that in my passage from the East Indies I can have been engaged in no public service in which it could have been received. In justice to your generous kindness, therefore, and in vindication of my own character, I must inform you of its lamentable occasion, although I trust you will add to the kindness, with which you have already treated me, that of refraining to communicate it beyond the limits of confidential friendship."

In saying this, Colonel Manners turned towards Mr. Carlton, who imagining the last hint to be designed for him, joined with Mrs. Newburgh in assuring the Colonel that any communication he wished to make in confidence, he might feel satisfied should be kept with scrupulous fidelity.

Colonel Manners replied that he was perfectly satisfied on the point, and then continued as follows:

" Some months have elapsed since I received letters from England, a circumstance occasioned by the frequent removal of my regiment and the orders finally received from government to return home with the greater part of the battalion. Though inured to almost all climates from having been constantly engaged in active service, from the first period of my entering the army; yet I own the East Indies to have been particularly disagreeable to me, and I received with great pleasure the summons from the War Office. My regiment was soon embarked, and as I again approached the shores of England, the idea of my sister and her children every day increased the desire I felt to tread again on English ground. We had a prosperous voyage, and on our landing being ordered into garrison duty I determined, as soon as I saw my men settled, to take a journey to London, where at this season of the year I imagined it most likely I should find my sister. Two evenings before I proposed setting off for the metrópolis, I dined in a large company of officers, where the bottle being freely circulated, many were very soon exalted to the highest pitch of spirits and merriment. I was seated at table

between one of my own officers, and a subaltern of another regiment who had once been an ensign in mine. He spoke so thoughtlessly and familiarly on many subjects, that had I been inclined, I could have found many opportunities of appropriating to myself insulting remarks which might or might not have been personally aimed. However, very far from having any wish to expose the young man, I pitied the degraded condition into which he had immersed himself by too free an indulgence in the pleasures of the table, and to his long and unintelligible speeches gave answers as laconic as I possibly could. He however persisted in engaging my attention, and at length turned the conversation to my own sister, at whom without any ceremony or delicacy he aimed the grossest abuse; declaring that her extravagance had ruined her husband, and that she was now, what she deserved to be, an outcast from the country. I could not stand this attack; the fire I am conscious mounted to my cheeks, and I told the young man in a high tone of voice, that if he spoke a word more on the subject I should be compelled to take notice of language, for which even his present state of inebriety was no excuse."

. . .

"The friends of the young man, fully aware of the consequences of being engaged in a quarrel with a

superior officer, prevailed with him to make an apology, which I instantly accepted, and I imagined the affair at an end. However, the unhappy and ill-advised youth, after he left the party, being incited by the representations of one of his companions to think that he had suffered a disgrace by the public apology I had obliged him to make, which he could not but resent as a man of honour and a gentleman, he forgot himself so far as to send me on the following morning a challenge to meet him, and give him the satisfaction he required leaving to me the choice of time, place, and weapons."

"My mind was so completely engrossed by the uncertain and vague reports I had heard of my sister, on making inquiries of my other acquaintance respecting her, that I had begun seriously to fear there was at least some foundation for the indecent attacks made on her the evening before, by the youth whose billet was now presented to me; so that the hot-headed boy whose rashness dictated it, scarcely shared a moment of my attention.'

"I have my own ideas on duelling, perhaps not those entertained by every colonel in the army, but such as satisfy my own conscience, and I seek advice from no other monitor. I wrote a short reply, in which I stated that I risked not my own life nor sought that of another.

unless when religion authorised, or my king and country required. If he wished to show his *own courage*, there doubtless would be opportunities enough presented him in the course of the war in which we are now engaged, and if he doubted mine, he was referred for satisfaction on that point to fields in which I had already fought, or he might follow me to whatever engagement, in which I should at a future opportunity have the honour to fight in his Majesty's service."

"If in the midst of my concern for my sister, I gave a thought as to the probable effect of this reply on the young man to whom it was addressed, it was, that it would be conclusive, but the truth is, it past from my mind as I dispatched it by the hands of my servant, and I immediately prepared for my removal to this spot. The accounts I had heard of Harriet, though confused and contradictory, all concurred in this, that she had left the country, and I hoped that from you I should learn the occasion, and wither she was gone. I hired a boat at Portsmouth which carried me and my horse accross to Ryde, when having directed my servant to return to Portsmouth, with orders to wait there till I should either return, or send for him, I took a luncheon at Ryde, and mounted my horse. I had not proceeded a mile out of the town, when hearing the quick foot-

steps of a horse behind me, I turned and perceived riding speedily towards me the youth, from whom I had received the challenge in the morning. His face was distorted with passion, he swore, as he forced a pistol into my hand and took from his pocket another, that his injured honour should have the satisfaction he required!"

"Poor infatuated young man!" continued Colonel Manners in a voice of compassion, "if he and many other misjudging youths did but understand the meaning of the word, *honour*, so freely used by all, so slightly understood by many, how frequently would the daily chronicler of events be spared the detail of transactions at which its principles revolt; and the eye that glances over the columns of intelligence be relieved from resting on the relations of domestic outrage and murder."

Colonol Manners here paused a moment: but his auditors, deeply interested in his recital and entirely coinciding with him in sentiment, offered no remark on what he had said. He judged from the intelligence of their eyes, what were their feelings on the subject, and very soon proceeded with his narration:

"The pistol was in my hand, and my antagonist had taken his post opposite to me in readiness to fire, be-

fore I at all recovered from the surprise occasioned by this unexpected occurrence, but immediately as I recollected myself, compassion for the inferiated man before me was the predominant feeling of my breast, and advancing two or three paces towards him I would have spoken: he would not listen to me, but receding as I advanced continued to point his pistol towards me; and when he was retired about a dozen yards, he exclaimed in a hurried and impatient voice, "now."

"Though I was determined to make no use of the pistol I held in my hand against my antagonist, I considered myself equally justified in defending myself from his attacks, and as he raised it against me with his furious exclamation of "now," I would have turned my horse from its level. But the animal refused to attend to my check, and I waited the event with composure. The aim of my opponent was well taken, but at the moment that he drew the trigger, I threw the weapon I held from me, and immediately sunk back on my horse."

"The sight I suppose at once cooled the passion and reclaimed the senses of the rash boy, who had wounded me; for on recovering from a fainting fit, which the passing of the ball through me occasioned, I found him hanging over me by the side of the road, in anguish that

cannot be described. My wound bled profusely; he tore off his own cravat and mine to endeavour to staunch the blood; and at length succeeded as far as we could expect. At that time, I believed it to be dangerous; but making a contrary representation to the poor fellow for the relief of his agonized feelings, I urged him immediately to fly, as the consequences must be fatal to him, aggravated as were the circumstances, in case of my death. He was now fully aware of his impious temerity: the fiery temper which he had mistaken for courage had subsided, and he besought me not to ruin his prospects for ever. I promised, and shall keep my word. He is returned to his regiment, to the members of which I shall never reveal a conduct which would blast his fame, perhaps for ever; and although for the reasons above stated I have thought it right to acquaint you with as much of this affair as I have done, it is not necessary ever to you to mention the name of him, from whom I received my wound. It will be advisable, I suppose, to make the same statement to the gentleman who attends me in capacity of surgeon, as I have made to you; but otherwise, there can be no necessity of reporting even that I have a wound."

"I have now," continued Colonel Manners, faintly smiling, "made you acquainted with the adventurous

day I passed yesterday, as far as you were unacquainted with its occurrences; for as soon as the young man left me, I again, though with some difficulty mounted my horse, and proceeded till an accumulation of accidents brought me into the situation I was found by your amiable son. Under your instructions, my dear madam, there is no fear that this noble lad will inbibe any ideas at variance with good principles; but if it is your practice to inforce precept by example, the one in question may not be useless, and I would not for a moment hesitate to intrust a secret to your child."

Mrs. Newburgh expressed her thanks for this opinion of her child by a smile of acknowledgment; and after some farther conversation both on the subject of Colonel Manners's narration and on others of more general import, she proposed to Mr. Carlton to withdraw. She was fearful of tiring the invalid by remaining too long with him, and as he appeared fatigued after the exertions he had been making, Mrs. Newburgh asked him if he had not better try to get a little more rest. He was of her opinion; and when she had adjusted his pillows before she left him, she begged he would ring if he required any attendance, and bidding him adieu for the present accompanied Mr. Carlton from his chamber.

CHAP. XXVIII.

We must or imitate, or disapprove.

YOUNG.

ON retiring from Colonel Manners's room, Mrs. Newburgh and Mr. Carlton met the objects of their tenderness returning from their walk, which they had extended some way along the shore; when, Montague accompanying his friends home to take his lessons with Mr. Carlton, Louisa brought her books, and laying them on the table by the side of Mrs. Newburgh took her usual seat before them. She opened her writing desk, and laid her exercise-book before her, but for some time sat without attempting to begin her task.

"My pens are all so bad, dear Mrs. Newburgh," at length said the little girl, after turning them all over again and again; "I cannot make one of them write," added she, hesitating and looking at her friend.

"Have you tried, love?" replied Mrs. Newburgh, with a smile; then extending her hand towards her,

added as she unclasped her knife, "give them to me, and I will soon remove that difficulty."

The pens were mended, Mrs. Newburgh again took up her work, but Louisa's exercise remained untouched.

"This is a very hard rule, I believe, dear Mrs. Newburgh," again said Louisa, sighing as she placed the book on the table, after having fixed her eyes on it for some minutes, without having seen a word that was printed on its pages.

Mrs. Newburgh looking over the leaf, in which it was obvious from its crumpled edges this very hard rule was to be found, calmly answered that it was the same she had done yesterday, and again applied to her needle.

"I cannot remember the English of this word," was the next observation poor Louisa ventured to make half inwardly, but loud enough to reach the ear of her attentive instructress.

Mrs. Newburgh, turning her eyes aside for a moment from her work to the table, pushed the dictionary towards her little pupil, but made no remark.

The leaves of the dictionary were next taken to be played with, but Louisa's thoughts were very far from accomplishing the end, its assistance was meant to attain At length she replaced it on the table, and putting one hand into her pocket, while the other rested on the arm of Mrs. Newburgh, she looked with such an arch and expressive smile, that the attention of her friend was again attracted towards her.

" Can you think," exclaimed she, encouraged by the kind good humour with which Mrs. Newburgh met her delighted glance ; " can you possibly think what uncle Edward ave me this morning?" and as she spoke she pointed with the hand that was resting against Mrs. Newburgh to her pocket, to which her eyes as quickly turned.

" Come, come, idle girl," replied Mrs. Newburgh, her eye following with a smile the hand that had penetrated farther into the pocket; " lessons first, and uncle Edward and his presents afterwards."

Louisa, however, saw the indulgent smile which accompanied this remark, and considering it as a permission to proceed she drew from her pocket a small red morocco box, and unclasping the spring which

fastened it, with sparkling eyes and a smile of delight, exhibited a beautiful and elegantly set pearl necklace.

"They are very beautiful," remarked Mrs. Newburgh as she examined the pearls, while Louisa hung over her shoulder; "but how came you not to shew them to me before," added she, patting the dimpled cheek which was laid against her own: "your uncle I suppose gave them to you this morning?"

"Ah! dear Mrs. Newburgh," replied the affectionate little girl, placing the other arm round her friend; "how could I think about the pearls this morning, when I could think of nothing but how delightful it was to see uncle Edward so much better? but how sad it was," continued she, softening her voice; "that he had lost all his fine healthy colour. No, no, pearls are very, very handsome, but I love uncle Edward better than I love pearls."

In saying this she pushed the necklace from her, and hid her face in the bosom of Mrs. Newburgh.

Mrs. Newburgh kissed her with much tenderness, while the satisfaction she derived from this little explanation was so lively, that she could scarcely

refrain her emotion. She had felt a little uneasiness on the first sight of the pearls, at the intense delight manifested by her little girl on the possession of such a treasure; and remembering her mother's fondness for dress and ornament, was induced to consider this incident as an early indication of the same dangerous taste in her child: she was now satisfied on the subject; for she reflected that while the feelings of tenderness and affection at the age of ten years were sufficient to supercede the effects to be produced by the possession of one of the handsomest necklaces it was possible to procure, concern for her uncle, had for some hours occasioned the total forgetfulness of his present. Therefore she felt little alarm for the future, when the stability of principle of which she was laying the foundation in her little charge, should unite with the feelings of a naturally tender and affectionate heart. She contemplated with pleasure the little incident that had passed, and could almost have asked forgiveness of the little girl whose sensations she had silently attributed to vanity, while they really evinced a greater indisposition to that foible than is frequently found in the young and inexperienced mind, conscious of far less personal charms than her little Louisa possessed. She kissed the hands which were clasped round her neck, and saying that uncle Edward must be answer-

able for the omissions of the morning, asked the little girl if she knew any thing of the nature of pearls.

"Nothing, dear Mrs. Newburgh," briskly replied Louisa, pushing aside her grammar and dictionary, and drawing her german chair as close as she could to her friend. "Do tell me about them; and if they have any thing to do with the sea, I will write it amongst my manuscripts, and then I shall not have been quite idle all the morning. I could not write a word of Latin, but I could write about the pearls, because uncle Edward gave them to me."

Louisa now again took the discorded desk, laid the newly mended pens by her side, fetched her manuscript from the book-stand, and waited Mrs. Newburgh's reply.

Mrs. Newburgh who was of Louisa's opinion, that if she wrote about the pearls she should not be quite idle all the morning, and finding it not very practicable to fix her mind to closer studies, while it was continually reverting to the subject of her uncle, told her with a smile she must prepare for double duty on the morrow; then having excited her surprise by the information that pearls are sometimes to be found in oysters, and been

mused with some of her simple remarks on the occasion, she searched among her books, and pointed out to her lively companion an account of the valuable substance in question.

Louisa immediately began making the extract, and became so much interested in her employment, that she shewed no impatience whatever in its progress. She finished it neatly and rapidly, and as she was replacing her book on the stand, Barlow entered the room, with a message from Colonel Manners to ask if his niece might be allowed to pay him another visit? Mrs. Newburgh accompanied her up stairs, and leaving her to amuse her uncle returned to the drawing-room, where Montague was just opening his books and waiting her arrival.

"How have you left Colonel Manners?" was his first question on seeing his mother, when Mrs. Newburgh took advantage of the absence of Louisa and the permission she had received from her guest, to acquaint her son with the affair that led to the accident, the result of which they had at first dreaded might prove fatal. Montague heard with all the feeling and concern that might be expected, the sad influence of inebriety on the passions, and the dreadful consequences likely to

arise from erroneous ideas of honour. He was gratified by the information that it was by the Colonel's own request he was made the sharer in a secret which was not to be communicated beyond the limits of their fireside; and while his courageous temper gave its tribute of admiration to the bravery of the Colonel, and his heart longed to become acquainted with one, whose valuable life he had been accessary in preserving, his principles revolted against the degraded character of the drunkard, and the perverted and obstinate opinions of the duellist.

Mrs. Newburgh was not at a loss to guess the train of thought she had awakened in the mind of her son, and always as anxious to nurse the growth of every virtuous sentiment, as she was to repress one of an opposite tendency, as she concluded the narration of this incident, she thus addressed him:

"Had I looked through the army for two men, between whom I could have drawn a comparison, likely to exhibit in its proper colours the distinction between real and affected bravery, I doubt whether I should have found any in whom it is more conspicuous than in the two thus thrown, as it were by accident, on our notice. I could not have found two examples in which

are so strongly contrasted the vices of inebriety and duelling with the virtues of temperance and manly forbearance. The latter of the vices I have just mentioned may be so generally traced to the former as its occasion, and the former is even in the opinion of the world so despicable, that one would almost wonder how either of them exists; but that they do exist, a very little communication with the world forbids us to doubt, and all that we have to do, is to give a sigh of sympathy to those who are so unhappy as to be betrayed into their commission, and under the influence of our better principles endeavour, my dear boy, to avoid them in our own persons."

"In regard to the instance now before us, I cannot refrain from pointing out to your notice, how nobly the character of Colonel Manners is raised by his conduct in the late affair, and how that of the infatuated youth sinks, who in the first instance despising the faculty of reason with which he was endowed threw it from him, and descended to the level of brutes in understanding, and in the next could be so vanquished by headstrong and unbridled passion, as not only to attempt the life of the man he had offended, and whose forbearance had pardoned the insult offered him; but hesitated not to urge a contest, which might have har-

ried him, surrounded as he was at the moment by multiplying sins, into the presence of his God."

"Considering the example of your father, my dear boy," continued Mrs. Newburgh, with tenderness; "and beyond this, considering the principles in which you are educated, I can hardly say I have much fear of your falling into the commission of these insults on society, and these provoking deviations from your duty. But the heart is so deceitful, and the opinions of the world so seductive, that I cannot give you too many cautions in guarding against the hasty feelings of the one, and the insinuating persuasions of the other."

When Mrs. Newburgh, in undertaking the education of her son, formed the idea of awakening in his mind, an abhorrence of those vices, which though not by any means exclusively practised by naval and military men, yet which in those professions are frequently represented in such deceitful and fascinating colours, as to be imposed on weak and frivolous minds, not only as justifiable but as commendable, she was aware that her attempt would be by many persons looked on with derision, and by others treated with contempt; for there are not few, who think that a lad, to be spirited, must

be mischevious; to be courageous, must be rash; and to be lively, must be profane.

Her opinions, however, being well grounded, were not to be shaken by any considerations of this sort, and the welfare of her child was too dear to her, to allow her to be in any degree influenced by the remarks which might be made on her design by the unthinking and the unprincipled. Yet fully aware of the value of the foundation on which she built her hope of her son's rectitude, she was not careless of those subordinate assistances, the influence of example proves, in inforcing the weight of precept. And in this point she had been particularly fortunate. As instances in proof of the excellence of the instruction she gave, from the navy, she could select for the observation of her son, not only the character of his beloved father, but that of her dearest friend Admiral Courtey, the promising and well-principled Captain Berkeley, and many others with whom she was on terms of intimacy; and though her connections in the army, as being more confined, did not bring to her assistance so many models of the disposition she fondly hoped to see in her son, yet, as for his sake she was always scrupulous in the choice of her society, she had known many, whose principles coincided with her own; and she now rejoiced in the

opportunity of introducing to him, in the character of Colonel Manners, that correctness of principle, which in performing the duties of the officer allowed him not to forget he had been enlisted under the banner of the cross, before he was admitted into the armies of England. These reflections led her to speak with warmth of the satisfaction she felt in forming an acquaintance with the brother of her friend, while her son, finding what was the opinion that his mother had formed of her guest, found his wish increase of being introduced to Colonel Manners.

Montague's lessons with his mother were not much more attended to, than those of Louisa had been. Their conversation on Colonel Manners occupied some time, and they had not opened their books, when Louisa peeping in and asking if Montague had not almost finished, added; "uncle Edward is *so* anxious to see him, dear Mrs. Newburgh; I have been telling him all about him, and he says he is quite a hero, and he wishes William and Manners may be just like him."

This summons delighted Montague who was wishing to increase his acquaintance with a man, of whom it was obvious his mother had formed so high an opinion; yet he could have excused Louisa's information that

she had told her uncle all about him; for desirous as he was of obtaining the good opinion of the colonel; he could not bear the idea of possessing it, through the medium of the partial representation of his character, he was conscious his little friend could make. He good humouredly told Louisa she should have found some other subject than himself to amuse her uncle with; then addressing his mother, asked her permission to visit Colonel Manners. Mrs. Newburgh willingly gave it, and Montague followed the nimble Louisa to her uncle's chamber.

"Not a word more about me, remember, Louisa," softly whispered Montague, as he came up with his young friend on the top of the stairs; "or I shall quarrel with you," added he, as he detained her from hastening forwards.

"Oh! no, you will not, I am sure," briskly replied Louisa, as she laughed, and endeavoured to take her hand away from Montague.

"But indeed I shall," again said Montague, still detaining her, though she made a violent effort for the recovery of her hand. "You do not know how uncomfortable you make me, when you run on, as you do,

on the subject of any little incident I may have been so fortunate as to have assisted in; and I wish you would promise to say nothing more about me; will you, love?" added he, as he put his arm round her neck.

It was his left arm,——Louisa, whose feelings like the waves of the sea, were always ebbing and flowing, growing serious as she fancied Montague was really displeased with her, took the hand which hung over her shoulder, and kissing the deep scar which her own passion had occasioned, said, "she never wished to do any thing that distressed him."

"I may trust you then," said he, as he in return kissed her cheek, and suffered her to proceed. Louisa gave a nod of assent, and they entered the chamber of Colonel Manners.

Had that gentleman, from the representations made to him, generally by his sister, and more particularly by the faithful and attached Barlow, and the tender and affectionate Louisa, formed a favourable opinion of our young sailor, he did not find it lessened when his own opportunity of observation allowed him to judge of the correctness with which his character had been drawn. Though not particularly acquainted with the

late Captain Newburgh, he had been occasionally in his company, and frequently enough to remark the striking resemblance to be traced in the features of his son; and, Montague being unusually tall and manly in his appearance, it was no wonder that Colonel Manners should be greatly struck with the vigour and expression of his person and countenance. He was, however, too well bred to make any remarks on these adventitious circumstances of birth; and he estimated the character of his young acquaintance too justly, to express all the admiration he felt, as he saw in the open countenance before him an attestation of those virtues, which had been represented to him that he possessed. His silence on these subjects, while it was a relief to the modesty of Montague, increased the favourable opinion he had formed of his new friend; and the sincere and delicate manner in which Colonel Manners offered his acknowledgments to his young friend for his share in the assistance so timely administered to him on the preceding evening, increased the sentiment of respect and esteem he already felt for him.

The co-existence of real feeling and immoderate profession is so rare, that when we hear a torrent of words rolling down upon us, we are apt to suspect whether they flow from sincerity; while the mute

expression is so eloquent, that it irresistibly penetrates to the heart.

Montague did not at this time remain long with his new friend, being fearful of fatiguing him too much, and he asked Louisa if she would accompany him down stairs. The little girl, who saw her uncle looked weary, took the hint of her companion, and kissing her uncle, asked if she might come again in the afternoon? Having gained his permission, she tripped merrily away, and Montague giving his hand to his new friend, bade him adieu, and followed Louisa to take a ramble on the sea-shore.

CHAP. XXIX.

We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

COTTON.



SOME days elapsed before Colonel Manners was sufficiently recovered from the effects of his wound to join the family in the drawing-room; during which interval he received under Mrs. Newburgh's care every attention likely to ensure his comfort, or expedite his recovery. The attendance of Mr. Bolton was regular, and his care unremitting; while Mr. Carlton daily paid his visit of friendship to a man, whose principles so highly adorned the profession he followed.

Colonel Manners's horse, which had been so accessary to the accident from which he was suffering, was brought on the morning after the event to Mrs. Newburgh's, by a countryman in the neighbourhood, and

was conveyed back to Portsmouth by his servant, who had arrived at the cottage as soon as possible after receiving Mr. Carlton's letter acquainting him with what had happened to his master. At length the invalid found himself equal to the exertion of joining his friends down stairs: the joy which his appearance excited was general, and the few weeks that elapsed before he completely recovered his strength were productive of genuine pleasure and satisfaction.

Colonel Manners was yet in the meridian of life, not having attained his fortieth year. He was tall and well proportioned in person, handsome and intelligent in countenance, elegant and impressive in manner. As he quite recovered the strength he had lost from his recent accident, those high spirits returned which according to Louisa's account had gained him the appellation of a "rattle," and the lively girl had no longer to regret the absence of that healthy hue, which she had so feelingly regretted on first seeing him after his arrival from the continent. Yet his mirth was intirely innocent, his jocularity unmixed with profane or indecent allusions, and his wit such as could not raise a blush on the cheek of the most delicate female. He was the life of all around him, but he was so, without occasioning uneasiness to any.

It is not surprising then, that Colonel Manners became a general favourite in the little circle, into which his introduction had been accompanied by circumstances, which rendered his present state of health and spirits so doubly pleasing. In him Mrs. Newburgh found the agreeable and attentive companion; Montague, the warm-hearted and generous friend; and little Louisa, the tender and affectionate uncle; and while he himself participated in the several feelings which were entertained towards him, a sense of obligation, too delicate to occasion much discussion, but far too sensible not to be warmly cherished, increased the esteem with which he looked on the mother and her son. He thought of his sister, he looked at his niece, and there his eye turned with admiration on Mrs. Newburgh. He reflected on the moment, when extended on the sea-shore, with his hands clasped over his bosom, and fainting from weakness and fatigue a young and tender hand had been lifted to rub his temples, a soft and gentle breath had breathed on his fainting lips, and a voice of compassion had directed those who came to his assistance, "not to lose a moment lest the delay might prove fatal," and he naturally turned his eye upon Montague with feelings of interest and affection.

But it was not in the drawing-room alone that pleasure was given and received by Mrs. Newburgh's guest. Grateful to the servants, whose attention during his illness had appeared to proceed rather from affection than interest, he treated them with that kindness and affability, which never fail to secure the affections of those to whom they are directed; and they felt the increase of employment, occasioned by the addition of the colonel in the house, rather as a pleasure than a trouble, if it gave them an opportunity of increasing their attention to their mistress by paying it to her guest.

There was also one more candidate for Colonel Manners's favour, the little dog whose sagacity had first directed Montague to the spot where he lay extended on the sands. Prince, as if conscious of the benefit he had conferred, made repeated efforts to gain his notice, while he himself fully aware of the obligation he was under to the little animal, repaid him by frequent caresses, and many a choice mouthful from his plate.

Nor was the pleasure, received and imparted by the visit of Colonel Manners at the Undercliff Cottage, confined to the dwelling where he had taken up his residence. The Carltons, not only as being the friends

of Mrs. Newburgh, but from their own powers of pleasing, became objects of interest to him. The pleasure he received from their society was mutual, and his time was nearly equally divided between the two dwellings, though in the company of the inhabitants of both. The vicinity of the spot to Portsmouth, where his regiment was on duty, occasioned his constant attendance with his men unnecessary, and though he omitted not to give it when required, he embraced every opportunity a relaxation from its duties offered, to join his friends in the Isle of Wight.

Thus enlivened by the frequent returns of this agreeable visitor to the little circle in the Cottages under the Cliff, the second winter passed over the heads of the mother and son, and the returning spring found the former restored to calm and regular cheerfulness, and the latter improved in mind, invigorated in person, and confirmed in principle. Engaged in the constant exercise of those talents which had been given her by the blessing of Providence, and ever alive to the various duties her situation in life imposed on her, the painful impression of the severe loss she had sustained in the death of a beloved husband had gradually subsided into a pleasing veneration for his memory: in the active appropriation of time and attention to others

she had lost the remembrance of her own personal affliction; and when she reflected on the blessing she still possessed in an amiable and promising child; on the advantage her exertions were likely to prove to the affectionate little Louisa, on the pleasure she derived from having it in her power to extend to the sick, the needy, and orphan those various marks of her benevolence which were likely to contribute to their comfort, she saw so much reason for thankful acknowledgment to the Giver of all good, that she felt perfectly satisfied with her lot; while as she reverted to the time, when her mind was more agitated under the affliction with which she had been visited, she offered a prayer for the forgiveness of any instance of impatience or repining distrust, the tenderness of her disposition or her acute feelings might have occasioned.

With the earliest April primrose, and with the first green blades that sprouted in the walks of the shrubbery, returned the birth-day of Montague, when he entered into his thirteenth year. The eye of a stranger, perhaps, might have added one or two more to his age; and the heart of the mother, on contemplating the increasing stature of her child, was a proof to feelings only intelligible to maternal fondness. About a month before this period, Mrs. Carlton had presented her

husband with a son, and Colonel Manners, who being very fond of children had taken a great deal of notice of the playful little Mary, on the arrival of the young stranger, offered to stand godfather on his reception into the church. His parents, pleased with the attention, in accepting the offer determined to return the compliment by giving their child the name of his godfather. The day of the christening was fixed for Montague's birth-day: Mrs. Newburgh, who was always pleased to extend the influence of private rejoicings to the benefit of her poor neighbours, proposed making it a day of festivity by giving them a plentiful meal of beef and pudding, and distributing articles of clothing among their children. She also fixed on this day for the commencement of a little plan she had for some time had in contemplation, for the benefit of her poor neighbours, of selecting six of their children of both sexes, to place the girls under the direction of a mistress, and the boys under that of a master, who might teach them to read and write, while she herself undertook to provide their clothes. The children were all to be those of sea-faring men, and the boys, whom she determined should be brought up to the calling of their father, where to be instructed by their master, who had been master of a trading vessel, in any points relating to the sea, which might be useful in

the progress of their future employment, whether as fishermen, or in the King's service.

For this purpose, Mrs. Newburgh purchased a small boat, which she presented to the man whom she engaged to instruct her young sailors, and directed him to exercise the lads daily, as their strength should increase sufficiently to encounter the exercise, with the management of the oars, and the use of the sails and rudder. She was perfectly satisfied of the principles of the man who was thus employed as her agent in the exercise of her benevolence; and, while in the plan she was laying down for the benefit of her poor neighbours, she reflected with delight on the happiness she should occasion to others, she prepared to look with no small degree of interest on lads, who probably as they grew up might return in faithful attachment to her son those marks of kindness she was now going to extend to them. So natural is the reflection, a reflection that might occasion acts of liberality, one would suppose, even in the selfish, that frequently the cup of kindness offered to relieve the distressed, is returned to those who offer it with an increase of pleasure and advantage. Yet it will readily be believed, that the latter observation can be by no means applicable to Mrs. Newburgh. If she allowed herself to connect

the idea of the future interest of her son with the objects of her own present benevolence, it was only a secondary consideration; and had she been convinced that no benefit would accrue to him from her proposed arrangement, it would have been insufficient to deter her from the execution of her design. She acted on a principle of benevolence, and that is a principle which cannot exist in purity where a selfish motive is the spring that actuates exertion.

The inhabitants of the two dwellings, in which parental fondness pointed with interest to the approaching day of festivity, in one, as the happy moment which was to enrol their infant in the list of the disciples of Christ, and in the other to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the birth of her only and beloved son, were not the only individuals who anticipated its approach with sensations of pleasure. The neighbourhood was not populous, but all who resided within a mile of the Cottage under the Cliff looked with eagerness to a day of rest and rejoicing; while those, whose children were on its arrival to meet from their kind friend the benevolence it was her avowed design to extend towards them, felt on the occasion all the delightful emotions of the parent, in the expected advantage of their children.

The middle of the month of April arrived: the season was unusually fine, and but two days intervened between the morning which was so eagerly anticipated by the inhabitants of the Undercliff. Colonel Manners, who had been absent on duty, was returned to the cottage to add the pleasure of his company to the expected festivity, and Mrs. Newburgh was on the point of finishing the elegant christening robe, she had been preparing for the infant of her friends.

"Heigh-ho!" said Louisa, who was seated close to Mrs. Newburgh's work-table, as she took up the end of the dress, and drew a deep sigh.

Montague, employed in writing by her side, looked up good-humouredly and asked, what ailed her? her uncle, whose eyes had been fixed on the gazette he held in his hand, turned them across the table to the face of "his little fanciful niece," as he frequently called her; and her friend at her elbow, alarmed at so unusual an exclamation from her lively charge, dropped the needle she was on the point of threading, and turned to ask "if she was not well?"

"Yes, very well," answered Louisa, sorrowfully, "but not quite happy."

Mrs. Newburgh was alarmed; and thinking that her little girl might have committed some fault, her conscience would not allow her to conceal, drew her towards her, and asked "what made her uncomfortable?" Colonel Manners, looking anxiously at his niece, laid the newspaper on the table, and Montague's pen rested on the paper.

"Poor William! poor Manners!" was all that Louisa could articulate; and bursting into tears she hung round the neck of her kind friend.

"And what of poor William, and poor Manners, my sweet Louisa"? said Colonel Manners, rising from his chair and approaching his niece, who continued sobbing on the bosom of Mrs. Newburgh."

Louisa heard her uncle approach, and as he bent down to her, while she kept one hand round the neck of her friend, clasped his arm with the other, and still sobbing, said: "I wish they could be here the day after to-morrow, they would so enjoy it; and I am sure I shall not be happy without them."

Colonel Manners, delighted with the affection of his niece, drew her gently from the bosom of Mrs.

Newburgh, and clasped her to his own; while Mrs. Newburgh, no less pleased with her tenderness for her brothers, could not help seeing in her quick and lively emotions, enemies to her future peace if suffered to be indulged on every trifling occasion without restraint. She therefore took the present opportunity by gentle appeals to her reason, of cautioning her against that excessive indulgence of feeling she so frequently evinced. Colonel Manners aware of the justice of her friend's remarks, disengaged her arms from his neck that she might give the greater attention to her instructions; and Louisa soothed by tenderness and convinced by reason recovered her serenity, made up her mind to be satisfied without the presence of her brothers, and left the room to prepare for a ramble before dinner.

Louisa was not the only one whose satisfaction on the approaching festivity was lessened by the idea that her brothers would not be at home to enjoy it. Their uncle, who was anxious to see them and had determined to take a journey on purpose in the course of a few days, had more than once hesitated within himself, if it might be practicable to gain a short leave of absence from their studies: it had occurred to Mrs. Newburgh also, if it were proper to make such a request; and

Montague had felt that the absence of his friends was the only draw-back on the happiness to the enjoyment of which he looked forward.

He did not resume his pen as Louisa left the room, but looking alternately at his mother and Colonel Manners, endeavoured to trace in their countenances the probable effect of a petition he was longing to make on the subject. Colonel Manners read in the intelligent eye of Montague what he was preparing to say, and after hesitating a few moments, as he turned smilingly from his young friend, he addressed Mrs. Newburgh.

"Might I for once do you think, my dear madam, ask a holiday for the boys? Perhaps on the consideration of my being lately returned from abroad, I might obtain leave of absence for them, provided their spending a day or two here would not prove inconvenient to you."

Mrs. Newburgh replied, that far from looking on it as an inconvenience, it would give her great pleasure to see her young friends; and Montague briskly leaving his seat thanked Colonel Manners for his interference, with all the expression of grateful acknowledgment.

When the party arrived in the breakfast-parlour the following morning, Colonel Manners had crossed the water some hours; and before the evening closed in, he returned to the Undercliff, delighted in the company of his two nephews.

CHAP. XXX.

In the pure mind at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her poisonous root;
Or happy virtue's opening bud appears,
By just degree, fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

BISHOP LOWTH.

THE day at length arrived so anxiously anticipated. To the great delight of all parties, who had fears of the weather, from the changeable season of the year, it was unusually fair and clear, and the air was so mild, that it allowed the dinner, which was prepared for the neighbouring poor, to be spread on the lawn in the front of the house. Mrs. Newburgh appeared for the first time without her weeds, and meeting her son as she descended the staircase, in his new suit of blue, she offered him the congratulations of the day, and pressed him to her bosom while her eyes were filling with tears. It was, however, but a momentary tribute to conjugal affection: the tear, which fell on her hand

from the eye of her son, soothed the rising emotion, the tenderness with which he returned her embrace hushed the sigh that was labouring in her breast, and the smile of cheerfulness was perfectly restored to her countenance by the time she entered the breakfast-parlour, with her arm entwined in that of him who was the object of all her hope and tenderness. The spirits of Montague were at their highest pitch; the transient drop from his eye on the remembrance of his father had heightened the expression of his countenance, and he had never appeared more engaging to maternal fondness.

If such was the opinion of Mrs. Newburgh on her son, the same was that of Colonel Manners on hers, as she received his salutations of the morning, and the compliments of the day, on entering the room where he was waiting to receive her. Though her mourning was still deep, the change she had made was such as rendered her elegant figure more strikingly lovely; the hair, which was again allowed to make its appearance on her forehead and in which a natural curl superseded the assistance of art, increased the pleasing expression of her countenance; and the animated glow of maternal fondness which succeeded to the momentary cloud of sorrow, which had passed across her, as the change

in her dress and the anniversary of her son's birth awakened the feelings of the wife, gave a livelier expression to her eye, than could have been borrowed from the artificial assistance of the most luxuriant dyes. She gave her hand to Colonel Manners with an air of perfect sincerity and friendship; and grateful for the interest she read in his countenance as he received it with warmth, said with inexpressible sweetness as she withdrew it and placed that of her son in its stead: "may he ever be worthy of the regard you shew him!"

Fully engrossed by the feelings of the mother, she remarked not that in turning from Colonel Manners his eye involuntarily followed her with a sigh. Colonel Manners, however, immediately recovering himself, received his young friend with warm expressions of esteem and kindness, and his own nephews then entering the room, followed by Louisa who was as merry as the merriest songster of the grove, the congratulations became general, and the movement passed totally unnoticed. The servants now entered to join in the usual morning sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, and breakfast immediately followed.

Though Colonel Manners looked with an eye of greater partiality on young Newburgh, who undoubt-

-edly both in disposition and talent had greatly the superiority over the Lenvilles, yet he saw much to admire and much to love in both his nephews. Nor was he long in discovering the decided inclination expressed by William of becoming a clergyman; he was far from discouraging it, and he determined, almost in his first interview with him, to persuade his father and mother to alter the profession they had designed him to follow. For the church he thought his firmness of character and clearness of judgment particularly qualified him, and with this idea he turned towards Mr. Carlton as a tutor, likely to advance him in those studies which were necessary to be closely followed, prior to his entering at the University. He determined after the festivities of the present day to write letters to the West Indies on the subject; and if he should find the opinions of his sister and her husband coincide with his own, he hoped he should have little difficulty in persuading Mr. Carlton to undertake the charge he designed to offer him.

The two boys, equally pleased at seeing their uncle, and at paying a visit to their kind friends under the Cliff, were in high spirits on the present occasion. Louisa's delight was scarcely to be expressed. Not one spoonful of her bread and milk was introduced

within her lips; her eye was perpetually wandering from one dear object of her affection to another during the whole of the morning meal, unable to discover where it most felt the power of attraction; and when Montague, who was her constant neighbour at breakfast, rallied her as he usually did, when he observed that her appetite had fled before the liveliness of her feeling, told her, "she paid him an odd compliment to make choice of his birth-day, to recommence her system of starving:" she answered with much expression, as she placed her arm upon his shoulder:

"Ah! Montague, I should soon be dead, I believe, if your birth-day came very often; for it makes me so happy, I can never eat."

Montague kissed the hand which hung over his shoulder, and telling Louisa good-humouredly, "that if his birth-day was a fast to her, it was a feast to Prince;" called the little dog which was again benefitted by the discarded meal of his mistress.

Very soon after breakfast, Mrs. Newburgh's party went to Mr. Carlton's, where, as soon as mutual congratulations on the arrival of the day had passed, they

all proceeded to the church, which was situated about a mile from the spot. The other sponsor for the infant, besides Colonel Manners and Mrs. Newburgh, was a relation of Mrs. Carlton for whom, as it was not in his own power to attend, Mr. Bolton kindly lent his assistance. Mr. Carlton performed the ceremony of baptism, the little Christian was numbered among Christ's flock by the name of Edward Manners, and Mrs. Newburgh, receiving the lovely babe from the hands of his father, returned him with care and tenderness to the arms of his delighted mother.

On returning from church, the young Christian being consigned to the care of the nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton with their little girl, accompanied Mrs. Newburgh's family home, where the servants were preparing on tables placed before the house the dinner which was to be given to the neighbouring cottagers. The number of men, women, and children, who assembled to partake of Mrs. Newburgh's bounty, and to celebrate the birth-day of her son, were about fifty, among whom were the six boys and girls who were from this day to be educated and clothed at her expense. The dress of the former was a sailor's jacket and trowsers, that of the latter a short naval blue staff jacket, with a petticoat of the same colour, white caps and aprons.

The table prepared was sufficiently large for the accommodation of the whole party. After Mr. Carlton had said grace, Mrs. Newburgh took her seat at the head of it, Montague at the bottom, and neither beef, pudding, nor ale were spared. Will Bowman, who was always one of the first to share the bounties of Mrs. Newburgh, and who saw a boy and a girl of his own habited in the dress, which among their own class, gave them the envied title of madam's children, was the first to propose the health of young master, with success to him in the navy. His friend Jack, warmly seconded the motion, and the foaming tankard went round the party, who heartily joined in the toast, after they had first given it the sailor's approbation of three cheers.

Montague in return for this honest fellow's attention, rose with much good humour and affability, and gave "the seamen of England." The compliment was received by the party with another hearty cheer, and after many a good draught had been thrown off to the health of "madam," "the young lady," "the new little young gentleman," "the colonel," and the rest of the gentlemen and ladies, the party delighted with their entertainment, returned to their cottages, where Mrs. Newburgh visited them with the articles of clothing

she had prepared for their children, and where her smile was ever received with grateful pleasure.

Would those, who complain of the unthankfulness and ingratitude of the poor, act towards them in the true spirit of charity, not confining themselves to the practice of almsgiving, for that is only one branch of this virtue, but in exercising every species of kindness and good-will, they would find, generally speaking, their opinions on the subject groundless and unsubstantiated.

The feelings in the breast of a poor man are as acute as those of the rich. If you throw ever so much money to a family in distress, it will be received, but not appreciated by the sufferers, if it appears to be unwillingly or ungraciously given; but there are few, very few instances, where the heart of pity sighs over misery, the eye of compassion melts at distress, or the hand of kindness lifts the mourner's head, without meeting a due return of grateful acknowledgment, even if accompanied with very small pecuniary assistance.

During the time that Mrs. Newburgh was paying her charitable visits to her poor neighbours, Colonel Mont-

ners and Mr. Carlton joined the three lads in taking a long ramble in the neighbouring country, over which the opening spring was daily spreading the renovated beauties of the season. The young shoots were appearing on every tree and every shrub; the humble daisy and the golden pilewort, which a few weeks since had been hailed as the leaders of the flowery train, were now forgotten in the delicacy of the pencilled oxalis, in luxuriant tufts of yellow primroses, and in groups of violets whose fragrance attracted the passenger to their green retreat; while the swelling buds of the delicate wood anesmone and the sweet-scented hyacinth promised in the course of a few days a more diversified treat to the florist of nature.

The boys rambled far and wide over every craggy steep and flowery dell. Colonel Manners and Mr. Carlton, mutually pleased in each other's society, conversed freely and pleasantly as they kept a more definite course, till they unintentionally arrived at the spot where Colonel Manners was lying, when discovered by Montague. He stopped instinctively as he approached the bunch of sea-weeds in which, as he had fallen with much violence, was still imprinted the pressure of his own figure; and then after a moment's reflection said to Mr. Carlton:

"How very few lads there are, who would not be spoilt by that scheme of education which has been adopted for our young friend Montague Newburgh, Mr. Carlton! and yet how wonderfully it has succeeded in regard to him. I believe he only completes his twelfth year to-day, and yet how many noble virtues are already formed in him! I own to you, that frequently when I look at his manly and open countenance, and trace in his actions the clearness of his judgment, the uprightness of his heart, and the benevolence of his disposition, I am absolutely astonished at a character so prematurely amiable. When I reflect farther on the high flow of spirits which accompanies every action, and the courageous intrepidity with which he has acquitted himself in moments when this feeling has been put to a test, which many older than himself could not have stood, I am at a loss to conceive how this undaunted spirit has been preserved, under the sole management of a woman; and again, when I consider the admiration which this boy attracts, the adulation, I might almost say, he receives from the dependants and poor who surround him, I am again astonished at perceiving, instead of the self-sufficiency, or the vanity, which might be expected to overwhelm the better feelings of his heart, a greater deference to the opinions of others than is frequently to be remarked in boys of

much more slender abilities; greater affability of deportment to those around him, more submissive and tender obedience to the slightest will of his mother."

The remembrance of the danger to which he had been exposed, in the spot where he was now standing, produced these reflections in Colonel Manners, and the natural association of ideas between the mother and the son, occasioned a sigh more than once as he spoke. Mr. Carlton, who was equally disposed to admire the growing virtues of his young friend, heard his companion with pleasure, and when he ceased speaking, replied:

"Young Newburgh is certainly one of the most promising lads I know, and on a transient consideration of the method that has been adopted for his education, it may appear very surprising that he is so. But if we look beyond the surface of the subject before us, we shall find still more indeed to admire, but less to surprize us. For a moment, contemplate this lad or any other of about four years of age, in whom a kind Providence had implanted the seeds of a virtuous disposition, in whom are easily discovered quick intellect, a feeling heart, and strong natural courage. The boy daily grows in strength, his person hourly exhibits

increasing marks of comeliness and vigour, and he promises to grow up a fine young man. Here is every advantage that nature can possibly give: wherefore is it then that frequently in a lad of fourteen you look in vain for the maturer virtues of the child of four? Obviously for this reason: the heart of man is naturally prone to evil, and if allowed to follow the dictates of natural feeling will of necessity lead to mischief. The very first consideration in many people, with regard to their children, is, that of turning the whole direction of their thoughts towards the profession for which they are designed; a very laudable secondary maxim, but not the primary and efficient principle to which every other should be subservient. The natural consequence results: the boy grows up; the quickness of his intellect, as it unfolds, awakens pride within him, and leads to numerous evils from without; the heart, whose tenderness he indulges, sinks in luxury and effeminacy, and his courage, which is unprincipled, degenerates into rashness, and terminates, perhaps in disgrace. A contrary method has been pursued with young Newburgh; consequently there has followed a contrary result. He was nursed on the milk of Christianity; Christianity was the profession he was brought up to follow; and to its principles he was taught to look as the unerring guide of his conduct. His amiable

mother, it is true, worked on the best soil that human frailty is capable of affording to the hand of the cultivator; but if there were more mothers like Mrs. Newburgh, Colonel, there would be more sons like Montague."

The beating heart of Colonel Manners bore testimony to the force of this last observation; but the appearance of the three lads within a few paces where the gentlemen stood prevented the discovery of his emotion by Mr. Carlton. The dinner-hour was now approaching, the boys joined them, and they returned homewards.

The dinner party assembled at Mr. Carlton's in compliment to the new made Christian, where Mr. Bolton, who had been absent on professional business during the morning, again joined them. Mr. Bolton was both an agreeable and a sensible man, and having at first been introduced to the families under the Cliff, by the assistance his medical skill enabled him to afford, he continued his visits as productive of mutual pleasure to himself and to those whom he visited. Mild and gentlemanly in his manners, he was a favourite in every sick room to which he was called; easy and intelligent, in conversation, he was no less acceptable to the domestic and social circle.

The day passed to the satisfaction of all parties; and the full melody of Mrs. Newburgh's voice, the softer notes of Mrs. Carlton, and the deep tones of Colonel Manners's bass, joined with the piano forte and the flute contributed to enliven and diversify the amusements of the evening.

This day of festive celebration over, Colonel Manners would not intrude on the kindness of the gentleman who had allowed his nephews to be absent a few days from their academy, but on the next morning accompanied them back; when having obtained Mr. Carlton's consent to take charge of his elder nephew, supposing his father and mother should approve of a change of plan in regard to his future destination, he wrote letters to the West Indies on the subject.

The accounts lately received from Mr. and Mrs. Lenville had been very satisfactory, and Mrs. Newburgh was much gratified by tracing in the letters of her friend a gradual improvement in sentiment, and a growing stability in principle. But it appeared that the situation of Mr. Lenville's affairs was such, as to afford reason to fear his absence from England would be of a much longer continuance than at first it was hoped would be necessary.

The visits of Colonel Manners at Mrs. Newburgh's continued for some weeks after the day of the anniversary of Montague's birth; a day, on which it was accidentally discovered to himself that he entertained a sentiment for his lovely hostess, more tender than that of the most intimate friendship. He grew uneasy under its influence; for although he found the increasing attraction of charms, which made him more and more unwilling to return at stated periods to his regiment, yet he was aware, that gifted as Mrs. Newburgh was with natural powers of engaging the affections, yet that the amiable points in her character were so magnified by her peculiar situation, and the admiration excited in beholding her was so inseparably connected with the idea of her tender respect for the memory of her husband, and the devotion of her time and talent to the discharge of the duties of the mother, that he felt it would be intruding on feelings too sacred, and too praise-worthy, to attempt making any impression on a heart, so amiably and so exemplarily devoted to its first feelings of conjugal faith and tenderness.

Colonel Manners, therefore, continued silently to admire, and silently to suffer; but however he could command his actions, he could not completely hide his feelings. They were at length obvious to the eyes of

Mrs. Newburgh, and her conduct towards her guest immediately changed. She had too much feeling to encourage attentions, the tender remembrance of her husband told her could only end in disappointment to him who offered them; and Colonel Manners had too much sense to allow himself to be rejected. While he regretted with painful sensations the hopelessness of his attachment, he admired the principle which occasioned his disappointment; and though he had not the resolution to refrain from visiting the cause of his uneasiness, during the time his regiment remained at Portsmouth, he received orders from the War Office, which destined him to foreign and active service, as a friendly interposition, to enforce a duty he was aware ought to be performed.

Mrs. Newburgh secretly rejoiced at an event, which she hoped would restore tranquillity to the mind of Colonel Manners, whom she honoured as a man, and loved as a brother, though she regretted the infatuation which made her look with satisfaction on the absence of him, whose society was so generally pleasing, and whose residence under her roof had occasioned so much gratification to the little circle in which she moved.

"I have never seen a man, since my father, whom I have admired and loved so much as Colonel Manners," said Montague, as he sat down mournfully by his mother, when Colonel Manners had bade them adieu for the last time.

"Nor have I," would Mrs. Newburgh have answered; but her emotion prevented her, and she retired to her dressing-room to prepare for dinner.

CHAP. XXXI.

He dies to me again, when talk'd of.

SHAKSPEARE.



THERE was a cloud thrown over the little circle under the Cliff by the departure of Colonel Manners, which it required some weeks entirely to dissipate. His cheerful disposition and pleasing manners had lightened many a wintry hour, and increased the pleasure with which the return of spring had been welcomed. Yet time restored the accustomed serenity of the group, the summer months passed smoothly away, and the arrival of June brought William and Manners from their academy, to which they were not to return; the time proposed for their removal to Sandhurst being nearly arrived, before which period the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Lenville was received for William to be placed under the care of Mr. Carlton.

The holidays of the boys passed pleasantly and rapidly, and during their continuance, though Mrs. Newburgh did not entirely excuse the attention of her

pupils to their studies, they were occasionally remitted to give place to amusements in which William and Manners might participate.

Montague's boat had been again prepared for his summer excursions, and the same party who had derived so much pleasure from its assistance during the last, were equally gratified in the present season. Not the slightest dislike to the element, in which he had so nearly lost his life, remained in the mind of Manners, and his self-conceit, having gradually subsided since the accident in which its display had so nearly proved fatal, he condescended now to receive instruction from the sailors relative to the management of the boat, and consequently gained some expertness in the art. His attachment to his friend Montague was truly fraternal, and while he contemplated Mrs. Newburgh with the affection of a son, the peculiar circumstances under which this interest had been excited occasioned a complete return of affectionate regard both from her and from her son.

Nor was William deficient in the feelings with which he met the unwearied attentions of his friends; his heart bore testimony to the sense he entertained of them; and in a thousand little silent attentions might

be traced the same effects which in his brother were strongly visible in a more lively energy of expression. Louisa was the delight of the whole group; her sprightliness and affection were only surpassed by her attention and docility; and if ever the warmth of her temper was the least inclined to betray her into momentary impatience, the presence of Montague's hand, on which the wound of the dirk had left a very prominent scar, would in an instant subdue the rising emotion.

It need not be inquired if, surrounded by this party of young people of whom she saw herself the guardian, our amiable widow was happy? She possessed the secret of becoming so, a contented and tranquil mind; and she looked on the three children of her friend, in whose society and improvement she daily found so much pleasure, as additional calls on her gratitude to that Supreme Being, who thus secured her own, by giving her the opportunity of being the spring of happiness in others.

The three lads, in whom was thus forming a friendship which promised to be a source of mutual satisfaction through life, frequently extended their rambles to a great distance from home; and when time or circumstances prevented the amusement of sailing, they

exercised themselves by rowing in an open boat within a short distance of the shore. It was on one of these occasions, that one day, as they ran their boat on shore, a lad apparently about nine years of age, who was walking on the sea-shore, ran towards them and took hold of her bow in order to assist the party who were landing. He had on a ragged sailor's jacket, which from its dimensions must have belonged to one twice his size; his shoes were full of holes, and his stockings were supplied by a pair of checked trowsers which hung in rags round his heels.

The boy's countenance was animated, though of a sickly hue; and as he with one hand kept the boat steady, with the other he respectfully touched his tattered hat. Montague, who was the first to leave the boat, looked with some curiosity on the little ragged fellow, who thus lent his unsolicited assistance, and supposing that he must be acquainted with all the cottagers' children in the neighbourhood, felt a wish to enter into conversation with the lad. He therefore said to him as he sprang from the boat, and observed the boy make a bow,

"What is your name, my man?"

"Thomas Wake, please your honour," replied the boy with great civility, again touching his hat.

"You do not live in this neighbourhood, do you?" asked Montague.

"No, your honour," replied the boy.

"Where do your father and mother live?" inquired Montague.

"Mother's dead, your honour, but father's only stepped up to the parson's after a *stifficate*, and then we are going back to Lunnen, sir."

"What is your father?" asked Montague.

"A sailor, sir, he was," answered the lad; "but he an't fit to serve no more, for he lost his leg about two years ago, and 'twas such a bad job, he is but just come out of the hospital."

"In what engagement did your father lose his leg?" asked Montague with eagerness, remembering that it was now two years since his father lost his life.

"I don't know, your honour, what engagement," answered the boy; "but 'twas along wi the brave Captain Newburgh as he calls en; for he held the captain when he fell."

"With Captain Newburgh, with my father!" exclaimed Montague, with feelings of filial tenderness; "did you say Captain Newburgh?" repeated he, as he put his hand on the shoulder of the boy.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, in a hesitating manner, open-mouthed with astonishment at the effect he had occasioned in giving this information; "father says 'twas, but——it——may'nt be true you know, sir;" then turning to Manners Lenville who stood by, he said in a low voice, "I did not know the young gentleman was the captain's son, sir, or I could ha' held my tongue, you know."

Montague was pleased with this mark of feeling in the lad, whose observation made aside to Manners he had heard, and recovering himself said:

"It is quite true, my man, that Captain Newburgh fell about the time you mention; but I am surprised at accidentally meeting with any one who fought in the same engagement with him, and I long to see your father, that I may hear more about it."

"There comes father," exclaimed the lad, pointing towards the copse, whence the disabled seamen now

issued. Montague instantly hastened towards the poor fellow, in whose hardy countenance was to be traced the dauntless courage of a British seaman; and was on the point of addressing him, when the man exclaimed, as he looked him hard in the face:

"If you an't the son, or a near kin to my dear old captain, I did not lose my leg a fighting along side of his honour. Why, who'd a thought of popping upon ye here like by accident, when I never knew any thing about the captain's having left a young fellow below here?"

"Did you really fight in Captain Newburgh's ship?" asked Montague, delighted at a corroboration which put the idea of imposture out of the question.

"Yes, and I helped to carry him down, when that unlucky bullet came and popped him off in such a minute. But 'twas all over with en; he never breathed again. God bless your honour," continued the honest seaman, "and are you his son? Why to be sure if ever I see one boat so-built after the fashion of another——"

How long the man might have proceeded in this strain would be difficult to determine, had not Montague

stopped him to ask if he could not serve him in any way; for he imagined from the appearance of the boy that he must be in pecuniary distress, and for that reason had been to Mr. Carlton's.

"God bless your honour," answered the man, cheerfully, "I don't want for nothing, thank God, except this *stifficate* of the boy's baptis. Why I've met with many a good friend since I got my wound. There's young Captain Berkeley, a sort of child as one may say of my old captain has got me a place at Greenwich, and promised me one for Tom too; only they tell me I must prove he was born, your honour," continued he, laughing; "though I should ha' thought they could ha' told that seeing him before them."

Montague smiled at this last remark, Manners absolutely burst into a loud laugh, and the gravity of William's countenance was disturbed.

The sailor saw their mirth, and being of a merry heart he laughed too, and told them it always made him glad to see merry faces.

"And have you your certificate?" asked Montague? "where was your son born, my friend?"

"Why, he was born in a cottage just under the hill here, sir; but I have not got the *stifficate*, for the gentleman is not at home."

Montague wishing to shew marks of attention to a man who had been so near his father at the time when he met his death, asked the sailor and his son to come to his mother's and take some food, at the same time saying that he knew Mr. and Mrs. Carlton were only gone to Newport, and were expected home that day.

The man hesitated at first, saying, "Tom was not fit to go in no where, he was so shabby; but he meant to get him a whole suit, when he got him back to Lunnen." He then took out of the pocket of his jacket a five pound note, and twisting it in his fingers, said: "look, your honour, Madam Berkeley the young captain's mother gave me this for the good captain's sake, as she said, and Tom shall have the best jacket and trowsers I can buy him when we get back; but 'twould have been off his back all this long journey."

Montague smiled at a piece of economy which is not always a prominent feature in the character of a British tar, and again pressing the man to take some refreshment at his mother's, Thomas Wake and his boy

followed the young gentleman towards the cottage, Montague going on before to speak to his mother, knowing that her feelings would undergo a trial in seeing the man who had supported her husband in his last moments.

With all the caution and tenderness, that appeared necessary on the occasion, did our young sailor relate to his mother the little incident which had passed between himself and Thomas Wake on the sea-shore: when returning to the spot, where he had left his friends with the sailor, he conducted him with the lad to the kitchen. His person was instantly recognised by Barlow, who having been sent to England on account of illness by his master some weeks previous to the engagement which terminated his naval career, had no opportunity of knowing what seamen were near him when he fell. He knew however that Wake was a man who had been held in some esteem by the captain and that he had more than once received marks of his favour.

This was an additional satisfaction to Mrs. Newburgh and her son, who could not have a doubt but that Wake was the man he represented himself to be. With the

emotions, which might be expected on thus having the last scene of her husband's life brought so immediately before her, Mrs. Newburgh received the man, whose arms had enclosed in the hour of death her beloved husband. She told him she should be happy to serve him in any way that lay in her power, and hoped that 'till he should have an opportunity of purchasing a new suit of clothes for his child he would accept of a suit of her son's which he had out-grown. Whatever was the pride of the elder Wake at the idea of having five pounds in his pocket to buy a suit for Tom, the eyes of the younger sparkled at this offer; and Betty, whose attachment to the Newburgh family was as great as Barlow's, for she had nursed Montague from his cradle, immediately flew to get the suit of clothes in question, anxious to serve any body who had ever served "her dear lost master." The other servants were equally interested in the two new inmates, for whom Mrs. Newburgh ordered a bed for the night to be prepared; and after Wake had recapitulated to the tender widow and son of the captain every circumstance in detail connected with the engagement in which he was killed; after awakening in the hearts of William and Manners Lenville a deep interest for the subject of his relation, and drawing streams of tears from the eyes of Louisa; in the circle of the kitchen, whilst regaled with

cold roast beef and foaming ale, the natural eloquence of the honest tar was employed in relating again and again to the servants every circumstance connected with the fall of their beloved master.

CHAP. XXXII.

" Where'er to this my little one
" A deed of mercy thou hast done,
" Thou'st done it unto me."

REV. R. MANT.

MR. and Mrs. Carlton arrived so late in the evening from Newport, that it was not in the power of Mrs. Newburgh to make the application to the former, she had undertaken on the subject of the register of young Wake's baptism; but Montague on returning from his early walk with his friends before breakfast, called to request that Mr. Carlton would give him a copy of it. That gentleman immediately opened the register, in which he had no doubt that the name of the child would be found, but after a diligent search within a few years of the time when Wake said his child was born, Montague was obliged to carry back the unwelcome intelligence of the failure of his attempt to gain the required document.

Poor Wake was astonished at the information: "why sure, your honour," said he to Montague with much earnestness; "Hannah could not have been off from giving the little boat a name after she had launched her. She always called him Tom when she sent me a scrap of a letter about him; but it pleased God to take her, sir, before I came from sea."

"Where did your wife die?" inquired Mrs. Newburgh, who was present at Montague's conversation with Wake.

"She died here, madam, as they tell me, when the boy was about four years old, and then her relations came down and took him to Lunnen, where I don't complain but they have taken very good care of him; for they are kind hearted people. Poor Hannah! she was too delicate like, ma'am, you see for a sailor's wife, and was very well to do in the world, being the daughter of a grocer in the city; but she loved me, and I loved her; and her friends could not say any thing against a British seaman, they said; so we married. But I was soon ordered off to sea, and the first time when I came back, somewhere about three years ago, I found poor Hannah was dead, and my child was with her relations. It had well nigh broke my heart, at

first;" continued the honest fellow, "to see my poor child for the first time and think he'd no mother left; but somehow I got over it, and being then sound and having all my limbs I gave my prize money to my child and shipped off again, for I felt like a fish out of water upon land, your honour. We wont talk any more of what happened soon after, and how I lost my leg. It pleased God in giving us victory to scatter many a limb and stop many a precious breath——"

Mrs. Newburgh tottered against her son, and would have fallen had he not supported her.

Poor Wake, hurt at perceiving he had awakened feelings by his bluntness, which he had meant to take pains to spare, said to Montague, "God forgive me, sir, for being such a blockhead!"

Mrs. Newburgh recovered herself, and looking kindly at Wake assured him by her countenance that though he had affected, he had not displeased her; and Montague, to draw back the conversation to the subject of Wake's certificate, said:

"Are you sure that your wife remained here after you went to sea, and that your child was born here?"

"Why, your honour," replied Wake, "I can only say, you know, what they tell me I am sure I left her here, lodging with one Joseph Masters and his wife; but I asked at the cottage coming along, and another lives there who knows nothing about Joe Masters."

"We could discover whether his wife was buried here, by applying to the register, could we not?" asked Montague of his mother.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "but as there is no immediate hurry, Montague, we will go to breakfast, if you please, before you return to Mr. Carlton's."

Montague acceded, and after breakfast went again to search the parish register. The burial of Hannah, wife of Thomas Wake, seaman, was discovered without difficulty, and so far it was a satisfaction to learn that in all probability she had lived till the period of her death in the spot where she had been left by her husband; but as the baptism of the child could not be discovered in the same repository of parish events, there was strong reason to believe the mother had omitted having the ceremony performed.

Poor Wake said, "somehow he could not think how it was; he must go up to Lunnen again, and ask Hannah's relations about it." Mrs. Newburgh thinking it must be a great fatigue to him to take so long a journey again, with a prospect of returning immediately, advised him to write to his friends and offered him in the mean time an asylum in her house. Wake thanked her heartily, and lost no time in making the proposed inquiries of his wife's relations concerning the baptism of his child; but all he heard in return was, that soon after its birth they had been asked to come down and stand sponsors; but not being able to take the journey they had supposed somebody else had undertaken the office. They had never heard that the child was christened, but they supposed he was; for when they came down to take charge of him after his mother's death, they found that he had been used to be called Tom, and they never inquired any farther.

From this account it appeared so probable that the child never had been christened, that Mrs. Newburgh strongly advised Wake to lose no time in repairing the omission, and went herself to consult Mr. Carlton on the subject. That gentleman concurred with her in the supposition that Wake's child had not been christened, and as the man had no fixed residence and the

child, according to appearances was born in the parish of which Mr. Carlton had the care, he conceived that there could be no place more proper than his church for the performance of the ceremony. It was accordingly fixed for the next sunday; and in the interval Wake hopped off to Newport to make the purchase of the new suit of blue for his boy, for which Madam Berkeley had given him the five pound note. Montague would gladly have purchased the clothes as a christening present, but as Wake seemed to have set his heart on doing so himself, he would not interfere with his plan, but supplied him instead with a piece of check for shirts and two pair of shoes and stockings.

"Tom's quite a tight little frigate, ant he now?" said Wake to Barlow, as he turned the boy round, and admired him, just as they followed Mrs. Newburgh out of the shrubbery in the way to church on sunday; "bless me, what a little rigging does for a lad!"

Barlow assented to the observation of honest Wake, saying, "that all the craft that came into his mistress's docks went out a pretty deal sounder and fitter for sea than they came in," and concluded by saying that Tom was quite a smart fellow now.

Indeed there was a striking difference in the appearance of the lad, since the time when he first attracted Montague's attention, when in his ragged garments he had civilly held the boat and assisted him to land: a difference which might be marked by eyes less interested than those of parental pride. The new suit of blue fitted extremely well, the tight shoes and stockings gave a creditable appearance, and a few days run in the country, with the assistance of fresh native breezes, had restored a healthy appearance to a countenance by no means wanting in intelligence or expression. Mrs. Newburgh herself could not help observing the effects that had been produced in the course of a few days by a little decent clothing and salubrious air, and the boys all concurred in admiring the revolution that had taken place.

"Why, I declare little Tom looks quite like a gentleman to-day, Montague, does not he?" eagerly exclaimed Louisa, who, having been desired by Mrs. Newburgh to return to her dressing-room for her prayer-book, just now joined the party. She was half breathless from running; but delighted at seeing how nicely the little fellow looked as she passed him, and he, as did his father, took off his hat and respectfully bowed, she waited not to recover herself before she

expressed her admiration. "Do look at him Manners, do look at him William," continued she to her brothers, without waiting Montague's answer, and turning her head back at every two or three steps.

The boys could not help being amused; but Montague as he left Manners's arm on her approach to admit her between himself and her brother, whispered that she should not speak so loud, for that perhaps Tom might not like to have his clothes remarked on.

"Ah! Montague," replied Louisa, looking with great good humour at her young friend; then turning to her brother who was on her other side, she said, "what a dear good little Telemachus I shall be one of these days, shall I not Manners, since I have such an old steady Mentor to look over me here."

"Ah! it is well you have Louisa," replied Manners, "or you would sometimes be too much for some of us I believe."

"And that is what I get by applying to you, is it Mr. Manners?" said Louisa. "I shall not go any farther," continued she, extending the hand that was within Manners's arm to William, who was walking

beyond him; "you will not give me up the reins, I am sure, for you used to curb me, before I cared for any body else."

"I could not curb you now, my sweet girl," replied the tender William as he pressed his sister's hand.

"There, there," exclaimed Montagne and Manners, at the same moment; "even William says he could not curb you now."

"Ah! but William meant," replied Louisa; William did not mean——"

"William meant, and William did not mean," repeated Manners good-humouredly; "what sort of logic is this?"

"Why, William meant that——"

"William meant," said Montagne, fancying that Louisa was beginning to be a little uneasy, "that you are so different now from what you used to be, that he could not, that is, his feelings would not allow him to curb you."

"There's my own good Montague," said Louisa looking gratefully at her young friend, then triumphantly, though good-humouredly at Manners; "I thought you would be my friend in need."

"Always your friend, my Louisa," replied Montague, pressing the hand that was drawn within his arm.

"It was not quite fair to spoil the joke," said Manners laughing; but he likewise pressed the hand of his sister with affection, and the party now coming within sight of the church, silence ensued, and the thoughts of the young people became fixed on more serious subjects.

Mrs. Newburgh had listened to this little conversation of her young charges, for she was leaning on the other arm of her son; but as was frequently the case, when little sallies of good-humoured raillery were passing between them, she had not offered any remarks. It was not seldom that she derived amusement in this way; for the three boys who seemed to vie with each other in their affection for Louisa, every now and then, in their different styles of expression, and in perfect good humour, threw out hints at the unwary eagerness,

with which she seized any subject of novelty or drollery; and while Mrs. Newburgh marked the fondness with which she was loved by all three, she was gratified in tracing the difference of disposition exhibited even in these little contentions. William on these occasions was Louisa's constant, though tacit advocate; Manners, though on consideration nothing could induce him to hurt her feelings, was so fond of a joke that he would sometimes push it to the very utmost before he stopped; but Montague, however he might first engage on the side of raillery, felt that he had rather sustain than make an attack, and not unfrequently went over to espouse the cause of the besieged. But to return to the christening.

As is often customary in country congregations, the sacrament of baptism was administered in the middle of the service, and from the novelty of the present sight every eye was turned towards the font. Three of Mrs. Newburgh's servants, who willingly undertook the office, answered for young Wake at the font. She had made no offer to stand herself, as she wished to avoid every thing which might appear like a design of elevating the child above the station in which he was born. In requesting her three servants to take the office, for whose characters she had a high esteem, she

had shewn the great interest she took in the welfare of the lad; and though it was her wish to do every thing in her power for the son of the man who had supported her husband in his last moments, she was conscious that it would be an erroneous sacrifice to feeling, to show her attention in any way likely to awaken ideas, inconsistent with his situation in life. Thomas Wake was perfectly satisfied with the manner in which Mrs. Newburgh showed him marks of her kindness, and as soon as the party returned from church thanked her with all the warmth, so natural to men at his time of life. He blessed the Providence that had led him to his dear captain's lady, and only wished he had not lost his leg that he might chance to sail with the young gentleman when he had got his anchors upon his buttons.

Mrs. Newburgh told him that she thought it was now time that he should rest from his services, and it was a great satisfaction to her to think that he had obtained so comfortable a situation; and she asked him what plan he meant to pursue for his boy, as there would probably now be some difficulty in getting him to Greenwich.

He said he must trust to Providence for that; to be sure if he had known any body to leave him with and

madam would take him into her school, he could afford to pay for the boy's board.

"If that is your wish," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "it is settled from this moment. I have no doubt of getting some cottager in the neighbourhood to lodge him, and as for his board and clothing, Wake, leave that to me, I shall be glad to train up the son of the man who——"

"God bless you, ma'am, and thank you," interrupted Wake, while a tear rolled down his sun-burnt cheek, as he saw the rising emotion of Mrs. Newburgh, "I suppose it is time to go and drink your health, madam;" and he hopped off to the kitchen, where the dinner was smoking on the table.

On the following morning Thomas Wake again left the Island for London, having first been introduced to Will Bowman and his wife, under whose hospitable but lowly roof his child was placed by the recommendation of Mrs. Newburgh. The honest sailor bore with him the best wishes of the group he left behind him, while the mother and her son felt gratified at

having had an opportunity of shewing attention and kindness to the man, who in their absence, had assisted in performing the last tender offices to the remains of a beloved husband and affectionate father.

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